

Cupid's Beau

By Belle

Roses are red
Violets-blue
Well-Can I help it
If I love you?

It's here! That one and only day in the year when you can all be your own sweet selves—take down your crew cuts and glamour bobs and yes, drool. We know who you love, but maybe she doesn't, so come on, give her a break and tell her. Just this once—Incidentally, Cupid's Beau was born on Valentine's Day just a year ago! Hence the tender feeling we have for this red-heart day.

Even ol' Marge Bell has gotten The Fever! We overheard her singing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" to the garments she was laundering last night.

Hurd Bradford — gruesome newsome—has "Been Bit," too. He's even offered Monty his rusty frat pin! Is Jane Joyner trying to interrupt his one way pass? We wonder.

Well, support my aching body! Guess what we jes' heard down in the Hilltop hole (sometimes called "room") Our EDITOR, Bob Chapman, to Lill Miller: "You're stealing my sugar! (We're going to have to charge ration points to some of the occupants of this "column.")

Among Billy Robertson's long list of H.T.'s (he keeps a file system) we saw little Jean Joyner's name! Bullits is in Seventh Heaven with Carolyn Bennett, glamorous new-gal (one of 'em). He can't get that Bliss-y look off his mug. They do say, though, that it's been there all his life!

Mr. and Mrs. Benfield went through a hectic week-end when the "Seven Saints" honored them with a joyful visit last week. During the course of the visit it seems that Jerry "Fatso" Dayton landed a Man. Herb's the name, and it looks like Love.

Bill Taliaferro and Bobby Barnes, would-be laundry-luggers, were flatly turned down by "Cash." They requested that we print this poem for all their prospective customers to be disappointed by:

Don't pay us your dollar
And keep on worrying
Lug your own laundry
And go on hurrying!

—O. Riginal.

Aggie Davis has another sucker on the string—Tom "I've-Never-Been-Kissed" Investor! She thinks he looks like Cary Grant. Joyce Benfield, Ruth Tilson, and

Virginia Marshall must think so, too, cause he's their H. T.

Carolyn Boyles, the little gal what don't talk much, finally wormed a date out of Raymond Wyatt. Where are you, Vicki?

Dub Lane got so excited Friday when he had a date with Genie Jo that he almost couldn't find her.

John Brinegar seems to be smitten with Doris Johnson! Have you ever watched those two giggle? Silly billy.

Candy and flowers to Fran Hobson for dating Mert last week. Wonder if he's "The Man I Love"? Incidentally, where was Sneakey Snaverly?

Alta Ponder, cute 'il town gal, still has Wayne Edwards folded gracefully around her thumbs.

Did you see Gerry Hobbs with Prof. Wood last week-end? He must like 'em plump. We hear that she's batty over Thomas Swann. Wonder who sent Gerry the anonymous warning letter?!

Poor Jean Brooks looks a little lost with Shorty John Wallace gone, at least she's got plenty of other lonely company in her misery.

Scoop! Joyce Tommy Wright is letting her red locks question mark grow out! Here's hoping the campus glamour boys sans hair will follow suit!

Perhaps you've heard that Tony Day has three sisters now. The new one's name is Rosalee. They all went home to Valdese, N. C., to visit the folks last week.

Mary Nichols has been won over by a little red valentine! We think Baine Harris is a sweet boy, too, Mary.

Mary Elizabeth, just because Jimmy seems to be giving his attention to Esther at present is no reason for you dropping him from your list of H. T.'s. You've got just as much chance as Jackie Rogers or 'Nita Barnes. Besides, isn't Morgan just as good.

Guynelle just can't eat her breakfast unless a certain blond is there to keep her mind off the eggs. You had better come more often, D. V.

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GIBBS DEPT. STORE

Mars Hill ... North Carolina

What's happened to Don Hudson and Martha Ann Mauney?

Two Jacks are needed to make our Valentine's Day roll complete. Resico and Byrd are the names!

And here we dip the juicy pen in sugar coated red ink to wish you all a most touchin' and tender Valentine's Day! And while you keep in mind the true meaning of the day, remember that love may be blind, but Miss Biggers isn't!

P. S. Advice to Belle's swains: (printed without her permission) You might be able to get the heart but you can't locket.

Lights! Camera! Action!

Had a Hollywood talent scout been tramping the muddy paths of the Little Circle and tramped into Fellowship Hour on Tuesday night the careers of Garbo and Turner might have been doomed to disaster.

A hush fell over an anticipating audience, and even Dub Lane was quiet—for once. The first of the campus beauties to appear under the auspices of "The Wood Cottage Club" was "Miss Billena Todd." In a stunning red dress of definite sophistication "she" entered the exquisite foyer to take her place before a brilliant strip of popularity.

"Miss Humphrey," native of Lumberton, with her formal posing provided an almost aristocratic atmosphere with the presentation of the most modernistic of ... turbans—the blank is for you to have a real amount of word power.

A vision of summer beauty sent warm chills down the feminine members' spines as Miss "Livvie Greene" modeled the most luscious of tennis suits—minus the skirt—even Mars Hill fashions conform to war-time standards.

Miss Edwina Dunlap provided competition for the "Doras" in Mademoiselle as she strolled out

Gross Bros. Restaurant

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Asheville ... North Carolina

in a brilliant-hued flannel shirt—we only saw the shirt—you tell us what else she wore!

Miss Tommie Ivester enchanted the onlookers with "the beginning of a perfect day" in a brunch coat of the most exquisite taste—across the breakfast table with the toast. And that smile! The men (?) went wild, but lacked the courage to ask for autographs.

Like the clever house of management they saved the "glamour" to the last—Miss Billie Robertson. In all the coyness and fickle flutter of eyelashes strolled said lovely (?) Miss in an exquisite dress of ... blue. And the newest of color combinations plus originality of dress was demonstrated with the green pine bough in the form of a "southern fan." Ah!!!!!!

The models withdrew from the thundering approval of the audience as Miss Todd was roped with a paper banner signifying her outstanding beauty.

Business Goes Where It Is Invited
And stays Where It Is Well Treated

MARS HILL CLEANERS

Mars Hill ... North Carolina

Sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

Voice: "You wouldn't recognize me. I'm new here."

MAC'S MARKET

MARS HILL — NORTH CAROLINA

Wife (after receiving a skunk fur coat from her husband): "I don't see how such a nice coat can come from such a foul smelling beast."

Husband: "I don't mind not being thanked, but I do ask for a little respect."

CARL'S SHOE SHOP

MARS HILL — NORTH CAROLINA

Todo marcha perfectamente... Have a Coke

(EVERYTHING'S GOIN' O. K.)



... or enjoying a friendly pause in Mexico

In the famed Xochimilco gardens of Mexico, the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola is an old established custom. Across the border, as in your own living room, Coca-Cola stands for a refreshing interlude, a symbol of good will wherever it is served.

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Coke = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

B. S. U. Entertains New Students

(Continued from Page 3)

were: Thelma Deal, Robert Perry, Bob Jones, Virginia Marshall, Martha McClain, Billy Todd, and Mildred Jones.

"The Romance of Robert Burns," an educational film, was shown during the evening.

An informal half hour of music concluded the program, after which delicious refreshments were served.

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Mars Hill

North Carolina

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