

"JUST A KID NAMED JOE"

The sun was shining brightly, illuminating the beautiful colors of the fall leaves. Now and then a gentle hush of wind stirred up the fallen leaves and their crackle was heard. Here and there frisky squirrels were busily gathering their winter supply of food. The sky had put on her new brilliant robe of blue, perhaps just for this day. This day was something special; at least, it was a very special occasion for two people. "When was this day?" you ask. This day was twenty years ago.

Twenty years ago there was born into this world a son. Such a happy time that was! Laughter and happiness were reflected in the faces and lives of all concerned.

The first few years passed and soon he stood on the threshold of a new life, that of school. During these first years he began to learn something of real life. It was then that he realized the value of school and started making use of his opportunities. He was among the leaders of his class.

High school gave him a chance to fill in the gaps that grammar school had left vacant. Here sports were dominant in his life. In this beloved field he learned the rules of fair play; he became acquainted with glorious victory as he crossed the goal line; he met dark defeat when he failed to catch the pass; he was introduced to the factor of cooperation with his fellow men; he learned that men are created equal and that each has his opportunity. His ideas of future life were beginning to broaden. He began with God to make his future plans. What glorious plans they were! It would not be difficult to carry them out. Mother and Father would make every possible sacrifice.

The glory of the honors of graduation night were climaxed by a triumphant entry into college. As he took his first steps into another new phase of life, his plans began to take on a very visible form. The thought of what he could do to help his fellowman occupied the foremost place in his heart and mind. His personal future dreams were beginning to be molded. What a grand world in which to live! When a fellow falls there is always someone to help him up.

Then like a streak of lightning something happened. It affected him—you—me. Must it be called by name again? A few men lacked something in early training. They lacked the knowledge of fair play. They failed to learn that their neighbors are human beings. They wanted their cattle to feed on the neighbors' hard-worked

FOR THOSE MEETINGS
AFTER SOCIALS

Fresh Up At
ROY'S
Mars Hill ... North Carolina

Under The Arch

By
I. C. All

Eloise Autrey comes to us from Asheville. She is recognized for her friendliness and enthusiasm. If you want anything done just ask Eloise. Cooperation is a specialty with her. Eloise was C-I Nonpareil president and is now serving on the Laurel staff as girls' sports editor.

Mary Lillian Culpepper, the Clio C-I president, is a member of the student cabinet and of the Scriblerus club. She is also C-II class secretary. Mary Lillian's sincerity and understanding invites confidence. She is a friend to everyone.

John Chandler has been outstanding in both his school work and extracurricular activities since he arrived on the campus. He was elected managing editor of the Hilltop last year; and he has done a good job, even when it required sitting up all night to do it. John is taking the ministerial course. He is the newly elected president of the Scriblerus club and a member of the B. S. U. Council.

Ralph Langley was last year chosen our B. S. U. president, and we put our trust in him. He has faithfully performed his duties and tasks as only a true leader can. Ralph takes part in most of the campus activities, and he has a genuine interest in people. He is noted for his friendliness and charming personality.

fields rather than their own. They saw only what was on the other side of the tracks.

The lad born twenty years ago—what about him? Something stronger than his will called him. He did not fight it. He stopped only a moment. His future plans floated away as does a gas-filled balloon. As he watched them break way, there remained in his hand a bit of cord which had held them. He looked at it for a moment; then, putting it in his pocket, gripping himself tightly, looking toward heaven with a silent prayer, he went on.

Where did he go? He went to do his duty with the hope in his heart that if he ever had a son, such a chapter of interruption should not be written in his life.

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STUDENTS MEET

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The Big Eats

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FOR YOUR VACATION
GIFTS

MARS HILL
PHARMACY

Mars Hill
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This Collegiate World

Because a United States sailor took time out from the Solomon Island - New Guinea fighting to think about his alma mater, the museum of anthropology at the University of California is today the owner of a fine specimen of Melanesian carving.

The sailor, Donald Simmons, was graduated in 1941 and entered the navy. Recently the mailman placed a brown paper parcel on the desk of Edward W. Gifford, curator of the museum. Inside it was a carved wooden fish charm, compliments of Sailor Simmons.

Gifford says that while the postmark failed to specify the place from which the charm was mailed, it is typical of work done by the Melanesians, black natives who inhabit the Solomons and New Guinea. Made of very light wood, the charm consists of a long painted face with shell eyes. The natives hang these charms on their fishing lines or on the prow of the fishing canoe in the belief that they lure fish to the boat.

—Associated Collegiate Press.

Courtesy

How courteous is the Japanese!
He always says, "Excuse me, please."
He climbs into his neighbor's garden
And smiles and says, "I beg your pardon."

He bows and grins and grins,
And calls his hunger in;
He grins and bows and bows:
"So sorry, this my now."
—Ogden

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