

The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

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Thanks to the C-I's

As on April 28 the "Queen Anne" made her melodious voyage to many ports of the world, we at Mars Hill were very glad to be sailing with her. The crew of C-I's handled the ship beautifully, and we met such interesting characters.

We C-II's were made to feel that the time of our leaving the harbor forever was very near indeed. We have received the best wishes of the C-I's as well as a challenge from them to make lives for ourselves of which we and all who know us may be proud.

As we set our sails ever westward, we'll remember your challenges to us through the years, and when we drop anchor in the far-distant harbor of God, to the C-I's we shall again say: "Thanks for wishing us 'Bon Voyage!'"

Misbehavior in Chapel

It Happens Here, Too!

Stories concerning "chapel incidents" have been circulating around the campus for the last couple of weeks, but the last account is the straw that almost broke the camel's back.

On Tuesday of last week, a guest speaker from the University of Texas addressed chapel assembly. Granted that all chapel programs do not appeal to every student who is compelled to attend, there is no excuse for rude behavior on the part of even one student. The man was a guest of Baylor University, and chapel students, as a part of Baylor, owed it to him to be respectful and courteous, regardless of any disinterest they might have had in his speech.

Just before going into chapel, the visitor commented on how very fine he thought Baylor was as a Christian university, and on the fine qualities that it possessed. Certainly the reception that he got by students was not an example of a fine quality.

It seems that any student would have enough personal pride in his school so as not to give visitors a bad impression. And certainly if he didn't have pride in his school, he would have enough pride in himself not to let others around him see him behave in such an unbecoming manner. —The Baylor Lariat.

Take an Afternoon Off!

What's the admission price to see one of our games? Not one copper! You all should have an athletic activities booklet and all it takes to see one of the games is to rustle your bones out there one way or another.

Get out there and give the Mars Hill baseball team a little of your much-needed support. They have a good team this year and prospects of an even better one.

Some would have you believe that spirit will not win a ball game. Maybe not, but it surely helps when you let them know that you are all for them and think enough of your own school to get out there and yell. Your team HAS the spirit and you will have to give them a helping hand.

Support your baseball team. Take an afternoon off from your mental grind for a pleasant two or three hours of good clean fun.

—Adapted from the *Furman Hornet*.

These Girls Told Us; Now It's Your Turn!

Having heard reasons for both sides of the questions when, at various times, complaints were uttered about weekly society meetings, the *Hilltop* has made a poll of the opinions of several girls. The editors welcome any letters concerning the matter, but they must be signed. Names will be withheld on request if the letter is published.

Now, the question: Do you favor weekly or bi-weekly society meetings?

Louise Norwood—I think societies should meet each week; after all, practice makes perfect!

Sarah Thomas—I feel society should meet every two weeks because that would give more time to prepare programs which would cause more interest among the members.

Mary Evelyn Luttrell—There are advantages to both, and the interest may or may not be better on a two weeks' plan. The programs would possibly be more interesting, but fewer girls could take part.

Joretta Devinney—Society meets once a week, and I think that is fine because these who really want to go and enjoy society want it to meet at least that often.

Jill Scruggs—I think people would enjoy the meetings more if societies met bi-weekly because it would be something to look forward to rather than something that you have to attend.

Jean Stamey—I'm in favor of the every two weeks plan—then the fines wouldn't amount to so much in the end!

Lib Bridges—Oh dear! When societies begin to skip meetings from week to week, it's the first sign of loss of interest. By all means, hold the standards as high as they have been, and keep meeting every week!

Armeta Rhodes—Society should mean a lot to each person because it prepares us for future leading. I don't think that anyone would mind going once a week if the programs were interesting enough to hold the interest of the student.

Suzanne Ussery—The bi-weekly plan sounds marvelous. I wouldn't be so deeply in debt, and I think everyone would enjoy the programs more. Of course, there's the other side, too—the societies wouldn't be able to pay their debts if no one missed meetings as we do now.

Anne Tunstall—I know that there are many who might say "We can't afford to lower our standards," but in view of the number of absences and seeming decrease in interest I think it would be wise to put the suggestion of having the meetings every other week to trial.

Those are their opinions! What do you think? Write to *The Hilltop*, Box 344-C.

Mountaineer Mischief

Yesterday afternoon, as we were ambling down the street toward Mr. Roy's with the intention of drowning our sorrows in a Coke, we noticed that two old mountaineers comfortably slumped on the bench at the filling station glanced our way. Apparently, they decided to leave Truman and MacArthur to their own fates and philosophize a little on us college intellectuals.

"Wal, Tom, reckon as how we won't be a seein' these college younguns 'round hyar much langer."

"Yeh."

"Course, some will be goin,' and some a comin'."

"Yeh."

"Reckon them that's goin' will be a leavin' these hyar hills ferever—stop bein' hillbillies and go back to bein' 'sand-lappers' and 'Georgia crackers' agin!"

"Yeh." (Tom was very talkative.)

Suddenly we realized that we must look very foolish standing there staring at the gentlemen, and embarrassed at being caught in the act of eavesdropping, we wandered on down the street thinking over the things the man had said.

As we lazily sipped our Cokes, we imagined all the things that those two mountaineers would have done if they had been in our places this year.

We could see them . . . bringing three cows up the hill one night to hang onto these bells that the girls' house-mothers kept ringing . . . deciding to have a "good ole hoedown" in the Student Center one Saturday night. There would be the time in the dining hall when they climbed up on their trays and tried to ride down the dumb waiter, much to Mr. Martin's dismay . . . when they corrected Papa De's grammar in English class . . . when they poured "moonshine" in the punch to improve its flavor at Spilman open house. They would be seen in the library demanding of Miss Daisy a *Daring Detective* magazine . . . taking a course of Pop Stringfield's psychology, and then trying to psychoanalyze the teacher . . . We could see them clomping down to the Junior-Senior banquet in

Shorty's Tidbits

Tans are quite the style these days, and leading the list of these sun-lovers are Betty Hoyle, Florence McFadden, Catherine Hyatt, "Tookie" Cashwell, Helen Hutchins, and Betty Bowen. And track and baseball seem to be doing for the boys what Huffman Beach is doing for the girls. For proof, look at George Bobo, Jerry Poovey, Rod Smith, and "Shotgun" Taylor.

Other people have been getting new things, too. Betty Sue Baker has a new haircut, and J. C. Mainer and Gene Roberts have flashy new ties which are slightly hard on the eyes. And Sue Tillman has a diamond! Seems as if Helen and Talmadge Penland have put ideas into her head. Right?

Congratulations to the C-I's for giving the C-II's such a wonderful Junior-Senior banquet! It was super! No doubt '51 Mars Hill graduates will think of it every time they hear the song "Red Sails in the Sunset." And in spite of the rain everything went over with a bang. Of course, curls straightened out and evening gowns became a little damp around the bottom, but nobody seemed to mind.

Everybody likes to sing, and below are a few songs which sort of bring to mind certain people. You know how it is. Here they are:

"Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells": Corbin Cooper.

"I'm a Lonely Petunia in an Onion Patch": Bernice Limer.

"Brown Eyes": Tommy Thomas.

"You Call Everybody Darlin'": R. F. Smith.

"Wedding Bells Are Ringing": Nancy Calloway.

"Has Anybody Seen My Gal?": Bill Andrews and David Gaddy.

"It's Too Late Now": Suzanne Ussery and Lulu Cox.

"Is It True What They Say about Dixie?": Marshall Pinnell. Do you agree?

Roses to the Laurel staff for a beautiful annual. Lib Bridges and Kenneth Byrd and the rest certainly did a magnificent job! And those silver and yale blue covers really hit the spot for variety!

It isn't long until the end of school, and then new faces and surroundings will come. It seems as if the B.S.U. Get Acquainted party were no further away than Monday, but now they're both things of the past. No doubt many opportunities were unknowingly passed by within this school year, too, and so here's a little poem to serve as a reminder to take advantage of everything possible between now and May 28. It is called "Begin Today:"

Dream not too much of what you'll do tomorrow,
 How well you'll work perhaps another year;
 Tomorrow's chance you do not need to borrow—
 Today is here.

Nightmare

With wildest fear and darkest gloom
 I crept into that murky room.
 I saw in there two specters white
 Who stood in ghastly, livid light.
 They drifted 'round a jagged mass
 Of grisly steel and brittle glass;
 With ghastly joy and horrid glee,
 With fiendish mirth, they tortured me.
 My spine grew limp with lurid pain;
 Wierd dreams careened across my brain.
 When pain once ceased its acid bite,
 Writhing and struggling to sit upright,
 I broke the fears that bound me there,
 And reeled from out the dentist's chair.

—Alma Altman.

their best brogans and brand-new overalls, telling all the girls they looked "mighty peart" . . . stubbornly fishing in the amphitheater pool during the May-day program . . . cause Miss Hart wouldn't let them be fairies . . . stomping across the stage on graduation day, clutching their shotguns with a determination to get their diplomas . . . climbing aboard their flop-eared mule, each clutching his little brown jug in one hand and his diploma in the other, riding off toward Bailey Ridge singing, "Us hillbillies mountain williams now!"

A most undignified slurping noise told us that we had finished our Cokes. We paid for them and left, strolling back the way we had come; the two old men were sitting at the corner.

"Wal, Tom, I reckon as how college life is powerfully much fun fer them that likes it."

"Yeh."