

The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

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Place Of Beauty

It has been said that those who do the most are often those who receive the least credit. The Mars Hill College campus is without doubt one of the prettiest and most well-kept in North Carolina. Visitors on campus constantly comment upon the beauty of Mars Hill and the pleasantness of its surroundings. The students themselves frequently compare the campus favorably to others they have seen.

The drives and walks on campus are always in good repair and are kept free of waste paper and other residue. The grass, trees and bushes are as carefully tended as those of a residence, and there is a constant replanting program going on. Offices and rooms are repainted regularly, not to mention the gymnasium. At present, work is in progress to finish new all-weather tennis courts. The landscaping and paving of the road up the girls' hill has been finished. The society halls have recently been redecorated.

Responsible for the good looks of the campus is the maintenance staff, under the direction of Bryson H. Tilson, superintendent of buildings and grounds. While we appreciate the excellent work done by Mr. Tilson and his staff, we owe them our fullest co-operation in keeping our campus among the best.

Get Into The Swing

You, whether you realize it or not, are now a "Mars Hillian." You have been here almost six weeks. Orientation is over, you have probably already joined a society, you have found out just what to study when and how to study it, your five-weeks on-campus stay is up; and you are, or should be, about ready to settle down to being an established "college man," or woman. But have you settled down? And if you have not, could the reason be that you are not really taking part in college life?

You have your classes daily, and you attend them as you are required to do regardless of whether you like to attend them or not. With the classes go homework, and a certain amount of outside effort in the library and elsewhere. However, no matter how hard the course you are taking, you will find that there will be times when you have nothing special to do. If you spend all your spare time dreaming about home, and how soon you can get off campus to go there, then your life on campus will mean little to you except a sort of prison term you must undergo. And that attitude will affect everything you do.

Everyone gets homesick at times. One of the professors on campus has said that getting homesick is the greatest compliment you can pay to your family. There is a difference, however, in an occasional spell of homesickness, and an "I'm-just-existing-till-the-day-I-go-home" attitude which goes on and on, day after day, long after a reasonably adult student should have adjusted himself to college life.

Your parents would hardly have sent you here unless they had believed you were old enough to live away from home for some length of time. They expect you to join in college life and become part of the institution. That process includes reconciling yourself to the fact that you are now in college and no longer at home, forgetting the restrictions that you perhaps would like to change but cannot, and joining in the spirit and activities of Mars Hill.

There are enough organizations on campus to take care of every interest from sports to photography. It is up to you to find your place on campus and get into the swing of things.

Thanks

Miss Nina Griffen, of the Student Center staff, wishes to thank all those persons who contributed gifts and sympathy upon the recent death of her father, Alfred Griffen. Though many of the gifts were unsigned, Miss Griffen wishes those who presented them to have her deepest appreciation.

The Hilltop Salutes

Footsteps sound quietly along the cement shuffleboard court outside the east wing of Edna Moore. A girl, studying under late lights, glances out and sees the indistinct form of the night watchman pass beneath her window. In the second floor bath, a sleepy freshman watches the ghostly figure drift soundlessly across the misty courtyard, and returns to the dark halls unafraid. On the boys' hill, a group of students returning from a midnight cup of coffee at Roy's pause to exchange greetings and conversations with the husky figure. And all over the campus, students and faculty staff alike sleep undisturbed, secure in the knowledge that John Tolley, a figure more regularly seen on campus than the moon, is on the job.

Mars Hill's night watchman has a job and a responsibility few would envy. He must spend each night, regardless of the weather, touring the entire campus again and again, always with both eyes and ears alert, open for signs of trouble. Rain, sleet, and snow, he must ignore. The safety of the campus, in the care of so many during the daylight hours, rests in the hands of one man after dark. On his shoulders must fall the protection of the College from both pranksters and those with more serious intent. He is the eyes and the ears of a sleeping campus.

Mr. Tolley has held the job for approximately eight years. The housemothers of both boys' and girls' dorms who have been here for some time, the faculty members who stay on campus, and the students, both present and past who see him constantly, night after night, will testify to his faithfulness and dedication to his job. Girls, returning early from spring or Christmas vacation, have found him on the hill when there was no one else there except Miss Caroline. Boys are frequently heard to remark that: "Mr. Tolley seems to be everywhere at once." Housemothers remark upon his good work. To these and other comments, the staff of the *Hilltop* would like to add its own quiet salute to a man with a tough job, who does his work well. To John Tolley, we say: "Thanks, for a job well done."

Season For Taking And Giving Colds

Now that fall is playing hide and seek with the last of summer, and the temperature is as changeable as a fickle woman, it is again open season for that mischievous malady of consummate misery, the "common" cold.

Not that there is anything common about a cold, at least not to the person who has one. A cold, on the contrary, is one of the few things that the Russians have not laid claim to as their invention. It travels fast, but nothing is easier to catch. People who have colds are never selfish about them, and will share them with anyone who comes within range. Hence the expression: "He gave me a cold." Unfortunately, one can give a cold to dozens of people and still have the same cold.

Colds are divided into two types: head colds and chest colds. A sufferer from the latter becomes the victim of sudden fits of bellowing, vaguely reminiscent of an enraged bull, which, he explains in a voice like a rusty file on an iron grating, is only a cough. As the disease progresses, conversation becomes difficult, to say the least. If he has not lost his voice entirely, it slides from a creditable imitation of a bass fiddle to high "C" and back again with confusing irregularity.

A head-cold is a colt of a different color. (Yes, that's a pun.) The person who has it becomes a perpetual fountain of streaming eyes and a red, runny nose. His badge of identification is a wad of limp Kleenex or a damp handkerchief. If lucky enough to be confined to the "Brewery," for several days, he returns with the excuse: "I'b bid sig wiv a head-gold." Otherwise he sits in class, a huddled lump of abject misery, the object of pitying stares.

Science claims there is no cure for the common cold. This is erroneous, because if encouraged, a cold will develop into double pneumonia, which can be cured. This, however, may take some time.

Holt Serves In Personnel

Maintaining the bond between the College and its patrons is the job of Dr. Robert L. Holt, public relations director of the College. This task was performed in the past by various faculty and staff members.

Dr. Holt is serving as chairman of the general promotions committee, which is made up of faculty members who sponsor organizations to promote the College. Some of these organizations include the publicity, music and dramatics departments.

In addition he serves as the college field representative, assisting with college day programs in high schools in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia. Dr. Holt also visits various associational meetings on behalf of Christian education.

Organizing alumni groups throughout the State and soliciting contributions for the Robert Lee Moore memorial auditorium are two of the projects which he plans to do this year. Surveys will be made among former students and later among present students with the aim of promoting and improving public relations on and off the campus.

"The College is trying to locate as many of the former students as possible so that they might be added to the mailing lists," said Dr. Holt, "and if anyone knows of a former student who is not receiving mail from the College, please notify the alumni office."

Between The Book Ends

For the intellectuals, the philosophers, or those just interested in a book of unusual caliber, Durant's *Mansions Of Philosophy* will provide a few hours of refreshing, enlightening and interesting reading. This book is not new in the true sense of the word, but it is filled with truths and revelations that never grow old.

Entire units are devoted to logic and epistemology, metaphysics, problems of morality, philosophy of history, political philosophy, and the philosophy of religion.

Under these general headings are chapters on the mystery of knowledge, the mechanism of man, our changing morals, biological physiological and spiritual approaches to love, the difference in character of men and women, the great change in our modern women, the positive and negative characters, the sense of beauty in men and animals, the destiny of civilization and religion, God and immorality, and many other problems encountered in our modern mode of life.

Durant writes in a clear, forceful language, with frequent references to old philosophers, such as Plato, Aristotle, and Aristophanes. Reference is made, too, to many contemporary writers, such as De Gourmont, T. S. Williams, Darwin, and J. B. Watson.

A Few Firsts Around MHC

Ever wonder when and who was the first? The first graduate, the first team, the first yearbook, etc.? Well, according to the *Quarterly*, here are a few of the "firsts" at Mars Hill.

The first diploma was issued in 1922 to McKinley Landers, the only member of the class having fulfilled the requirements for graduation.

The first student to enroll at what was then the French Broad Baptist Institute was the late Major W. W. Rollins, who died in Asheville March 23, 1925, at the age of 86. He had been president of the Western North Carolina Railroad, a member of the General Assembly, and for seventeen years had been postmaster of Asheville.

The first *Laurel* was issued in March, 1914, and was then a student issue of the *Quarterly*.

The first automobile brought to Mars Hill was driven by Dr. J. E. Owen, of Asheville, and appeared in February, 1913.

The first motion picture machine installed at the College was bought in 1920, the first film being shown at commencement that year.

The first baseball team to represent the College was organized in 1892 by the late Dr. John E. White.

The first student government association was formed by the girls in the fall of 1913.