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The HILL Top

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CAMPUS MANNERISM

"O the heart of a friend is a marvelous place,
Where one finds contentment and peace;
Where the grasp of the hand shows that you understand,
As the blessings of friendship increase."

Yes, the heart of a friend is, indeed, a marvelous place; and this place in the hearts of a friend lies as unclaimed territory for those who will reverently enter. To enter the hearts of men and comrades does not require an ostentatious exhibition of prowess and courage, for only special ones could qualify; but to those who are enamored of "friendship," the most sacred of all moral bonds," there comes the call of simple trust and fidelity. To walk side by side with a comrade through crises of joy as well as sorrow, to feel the desires and anxieties of his soul, to hear the heart-throbs of enthusiasm, and to grasp his hand with a kind of friendly understanding only demands that we yield to the impulse of love and reverence.

Is a college campus an appropriate and desirable place to get in close contact with our neighbors, or should we wait to meet and learn them in the arena of life after the college days have passed? Doubtless every college man must decide questions of more or less importance for himself; among those questions, I believe, comes the one of making friends while in college. On our campus there is a tendency towards the casual and perfunctory greeting; and it is very seldom that we grasp the hand of a class fellow and give him a bit of encouragement for the work he is doing or for the effort he is putting forth in the accomplishment of some task. Of all the places where one is in danger of falling into mechanical mannerisms towards his neighbors, the present-day college campuses certainly present the greatest peril. We have specific examples all about us which will verify the truth of this statement. To greet a person is to give him an expression of our kind wishes both in word and in action. The custom seems almost to have lost its originality in the chaos of college activities here, and at other institutions. Do we really have a sensation of hearty good will and wishes for our comrade as we chance to meet for the first time in the beginning of each new day?

Yes, the college campus is an ideal spot for the making of life comrades, and I dare to say that those who do not take advantage of the opportunities which present themselves will find later in life that a golden treasure has quietly but intrusively passed out of grasping distrance. Let's not fall into the careless routine of campus mannerisms in the custom of greeting our friends.

"Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

— O. H. FOREHAND.

Open Forum Debate

The Open Forum Debate was held in Wingate Hall, Wake Forest College, Tuesday evening, February 28, at 8 o'clock. The debaters were William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., vs. Wake Forest, Dr. D. B. Bryan, Dean, presiding; G. N. Ashley, secretary Debate Council secretary.

The query was: Resolved, That the United States should cease to protect by armed force capital invested in foreign lands except after a formal declaration of war.

Representing William and Mary, (affirmative), D. Arthur Kelsey, Edwin Lambert, W. H. Elliot. Representing Wake Forest (negative), R. Paul Caudill, W. H. Bostick and Joe Carlton. The negative won the decision.

Members Wake Forest Debate Council, marshals: Elmer Cloer, J. B. Mattison, Paul Cooper, W. C. Whitley.

ALFED CARLTON COMING

On the 16th and 17th of this month we are expecting to have on our campus Mr. Alford Carleton, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Mr. Carleton is a graduate of Oberlin College, he was a member of the Cosmopolitan and Dramatic Clubs while a student in that college, and has since been for three years an educational worker in Turkey. Therefore he is able to interpret missionary work out of very vivid first hand experience.

His usefulness on our campus depends largely on the preparation we can make before he comes.

Miss Wengert: So, Julia (a stenographer), you finally married the boss, did you?

Julia: Yes, I felt that he had dictated long enough.

Bill Gerald: Mr. Lee, what is the board of education?

Mr. Lee: Why, my lad, when I went to schood, it was a pine shingle.

The Apostle Marti

Gregory Castro

One of those beautiful days of May, after I had walked down Prado Lawn, I stood in the Central Park. For a moment I was unconscious of what was going on around me. Nature was mystic and mysterious. I thought I was living not in a terrestrial world, but in a celestial mansion. But as I lifted my eyes I saw that clear, blue sky, arch celestial of the Pear of the Aantilles, dream of the romantics, inspiration of the poets. I saw those majestic royal palms, honor of the Antilles, symbol of immortality, moving their fronds to and fro as the smooth breeze blowed. I heard hundreds of birds singing like cherubs. I smelled the balmy perfume of those aromatic flowers that only the tropics can produce. I heard the murmuring stream in the fountain. I contemplated crowds of little girls playing on the lawns, happy like angels.

But of all the things I heard, saw or contempalted, nothing affected my heart more than to see the statue of the master Marti. In hat moment of esthetic rapture, I saw before me the living image of the Apostle, engraved into that cold, dead stone. The statue is facing the rising sun as he to whom it represents saw the sun of liberty rising for a nation of slaves.

To me it was alive. I saw that small body holding up an erect head, proportionately large. On his broad, open forehead, I saw the signs of his greatness—an inspired poet, an eloquent orator, a superior master, and a tireless patriot. In his calm and penetrating eyes, I saw the purity of his heart and the convicion of his ideas. In his aquiline nose, the Roman who preferred to be dead than to be a slave. In his well formed lips, half covered by the mustache, I saw the firmness of his character. And in his massive jaws, I saw the lines that show his internal suffering.

In the whole, I saw the father of a nation in that man, small of body, but great in spirit. I saw that man who sacrificed estate, friends, home, family, and life for his country. I saw the man whose person is reproduced in a cold marble, but whose sacred ideals were far beyond description, and that should be followed by all good Cubans.

"To quiero cuando me muera,
Sin patria pero sin amo,
Tener en mi tumba un ramo,
De flores una bandera."

—J. MARTI.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION PRESENTED BY STUDENTS

On Sunday evening, March 4, the regular preaching hour was devoted to the collection section of the church. Some very inspiring talks were made by four students about the work of the Centennial Campaign.

Charles Maddry was in charge of the service, and his simplicity and naturalness of manner gave the right atmosphere for the speakers.

The subjects were well chosen and followed each other in a unifying way. They were as follows:

Christian Education According to the Scriptures—Ruth Jarvis.

A Brief History of Christian Education in North Carolina—Nathan Brooks.

What Christian Education Has Meant to Me—Edith Hayes.

What One Can Do for Christian Education in North Carolina—Henry Bridges.

Talent is nurtured in solitude: character is formed in the stormy billows of the world.

—Goethe.

Boy Lost

Roy Heaton was lost. He had not been seen since the early afternoon, and his parents were almost hysterical. The neighbors took their lanterns and guns and began a search through all the surrounding country. They called, fired guns, built fires and searched. But it seemed of no avail. Late at night an encouraging cry resounded. He had been found within sight of the house.

Roy Heaton was lost. His parents seemed not to mind at all. The neighbors made no inquiry. They took no lights, sounded no alarms, sent forth no signals. Yet he is lost, within sight of home, aud unless he is found he may die within sight of home.

Daily he sits at the table at home: he performs certain chores; he goes to school, recites and plays with his fellows. Yet he is lost.

He looks into the face of his father, but receives no guidance. He stands listening to two men who are Christians. They do not help him. They seem not to realize that he is lost. He works with one of them, but still no word.

Is it possible that he can be lost in sight of home and perhaps die there with no one who is interested enough to guide him to the Christ?

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—Milton.

This day was yesterday tomorrow nam'd:
Tomorrow shall be yesterday proclaimed:
Tomorrow not yet come, not far away,
What shall tomorrow then be call'd:
Today.

—Owen

Live today, tomorrow is not.

—Horace

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

Shakespeare in Macbeth

Tomorrow, tomorrow, not today,
Hear the lazy people say.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—Shakespeare in Othello

College Quartet H Heard Over

The campus was awake ruary 28, to the fact t Hill "Harmony Boys," alias lege quartet, would give a of their own over WWN ville's new broadcasting st cordingly, at 8:30 o'clock lo ers and head phones were to catch the music from piring singers.

The program opened wi Do You Do," arranged u tutelage of Mr. Farr. Th number was "We'll Walk Th Road." Then came "Drink Only With Thine Eyes," w dedicated to the boys' moth O. H. Forehand joined the ers with a trombone solo of Tomorrow." This was by Mr. Farr's solo, "The Violin." Then the quartet back with "Annie Laurie" a both the station phones we ing for requests, they finish half hour with "My Blue and "Farewell To Thee."

Mr. Stentz, radio director nouncer of WWNC, was his praise of the program making the trip as Mars Hill ing team were J. K. Black H. Forehand, William Hug Edward Harrell.

Cotton Sherrill: Herman, a widower?

Herman Wells: Why, you don't you know that he is band of a widow?

Bill Dockery: Lillian, if me and no one else but will prove it.

Lillian: A house divided itself will not stand.

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