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A Challenge to the Girls

Girls, it has frequently been said that a female can talk the horns off a billygoat and defeat a signboard in an argument. Let's live up to this reputation once in our lives and prove to our opponents that there should (or should not) be created a department of education with an officer in the president's cabinet.

Our Gift to the Thomasville Orphanage

Sunday, November 25, has been set aside as a day for all Baptists in North Carolina to contribute their gifts to the orphans' home. This is a cause to which all should contribute wholeheartedly.

The orphanage is depending upon every Baptist church in the state to contribute its part. Mars Hill is ever ready to do her part in a cause of this nature. Our goal this year is \$650.00. Are we going to raise this amount? We must not be satisfied in just reaching our goal.

It Takes All Classes

It takes all classes to make up a society. It takes rich men, poor men, beggar men, and, unfortunately, thieves. It seems as though we have the whole group, including the last class.

The list of articles taken from various places on the campus has assumed surprising dimensions, and has been climaxed with the disappearance of the keys to the gymnasium and to the lockers. Petty thievery is aggravating, but this is even more serious. What good the gentleman who lifted the keys expects to get out of them, we do not know, but perhaps he does.

Fellow students, this stealing business has gone far enough, and it is time for the students of this school to search out the criminal that is with us and kick him out of the school.

Fifteen rahs for the team! What team? Why the class team to be sure. The classes are all preparing for the inter-class basketball series. Boastful supporters of each team strut around defying the world to produce a better team than their class shows signs of producing.

There seems to be a new style of haircut in fashion at present. It is ambiguously known as the Paul C. Hundley and the Oscar Jones haircut. Quite a few of the boys have fallen in with the new style at once.

Proposals, unique dates, presents of boxes of candy, and many other thrilling things have upset the campus this week. The International Relations Club is initiating, or at least that is what they call it.

The anniversaries for the girls' societies are coming off soon, the Nonpareils, November 24, and the Clios, December 1. They have always been splendid, and from all appearances this year will be no exception.

The Hilltop has a box for jokes in the Administration Building; so, if you know anything on your neighbor that he or she doesn't want everyone else to know, drop it in the box; and it will receive due publicity.

The Dramatic Club deserves a tremendous amount of commendation for the splendid presentation of "The Arrival of Kitty." "It was the best amateur play I ever saw and better than most professional," and "easily funnier than Charlie Chaplin," were only a few of the choice morsels of praise bestowed upon it.

How about student government? Isn't it possible for the students to have some voice in the activities of the campus? Some have suggested that students have a committee to work with the Executive Committee.

To the Science Club goes the credit of formally recognizing new members in chapel. They have set a precedent for other clubs. It is to be congratulated for setting an example for other learned clubs to follow.

FORUM

To the editor of the Hilltop: I want just a little space in this issue to take a crack at this proposition of delinquents in religious activity.

As we know a large number of our students failed to get a satisfactory grade on religious activity. That is to be regretted and to be corrected. I am not writing against the present method of grading the interest manifested in religious activities.

It is very embarrassing to have one's name posted on the bulletin board as failing in something. It is even more embarrassing to have one's name placed there and find that it is a mistake and that he does not belong.

The failures in other lines of work are not posted in a public place where anyone that so wishes may see, but are mailed out privately or kept on private records. That is what, in my opinion, should be done to those that have failed on their religious work.

I offer this not in the light of malicious criticism, but merely as a suggestion, and I honestly feel that fewer failures would result were the student to be privately warned rather than publicly exposed.

Signed: A Collegian.

Dear Editor: Will you allow me space enough in this column to express my feelings toward what is termed by the female contingent of the campus a senior proposition?

Certainly, we are all well acquainted with the grandeur of Mars Hill, its situation in the heart of the mountains, its solitude and seclusion, its restful effect upon the body and mind, and above all the spirit which exists among those who are fortunate enough to dwell amidst such magnificent surroundings.

Signed: One Who Desires Justice.

I understand that the open forum is for discussion of campus activities pro and con. Of course, there are many things I could discuss con but I prefer the pro this time.

I wonder if anyone else has noticed the change in the method of admitting members to the clubs on the campus? I have been agreeably impressed by the dignity manifested in the way new members of the clubs have been recognized.

French, Spanish, and their like, are learned clubs not fraternities. In the years previous the initiations have been similar in indignities to those of fraternities and not at all worthy of learned clubs.

Thus, I say, there has been a noticeable improvement in the mode of initiation, and I'm sure the students appreciate it. —A Student.

THE SPIRIT OF MARS HILL

Up where the mountains are piled in confusion, Up where the hilltops are crowned by the sky, Sure enough highlands without an illusion.

Here is the home of the home-loving Saxon, Whether a mansion or cabin arise. Blue though the eyes, and the hair sometimes flaxon.

Here in the heart of the land there is glory, Peace holds her scepter and and Love sits a queen, Mostly it still is an unwritten story,

Out from the waysides the footsteps are falling, Young men and maidens march out into line, Out where the voices of duty are calling,

Here on the hilltops a spirit is resting, Hovering, assembling, and brooding for God, Training and guiding, redeeming and testing,

Strike with thy sons and thy daughters for freedom, Buy back the faith that is better than gold, Trample till red the wine-presses of Edom,

Clear with thy crystals the world's corrupt fountains, Bring back the proud sons of men to their knees.

—Wm. H. Fitzgerald.

(Written while the guest of Mrs. Stapleton.)

Thanksgiving

It gets in the air about this time of the year, that feeling of cool, crisp, sparkling energy. The very air seems permeated with a tinge that is felt only at this season of the year.

To the masses Thanksgiving is symbolized by one thing, turkey and cranberry sauce. Um-mm. To sink one's teeth into the firm and delicious flesh of a well-cooked turkey and then to flavor it all with cranberries!

The fact that we will not have a holiday does not seem so bad now that it's all settled. In exchange for that day we get out a day earlier for Christmas.

Asheville only twenty miles away; our folks may come up for a day; we are well-fed and therefore, let us give thanks.

Ray's Raving

The Cupidian malady seen taking the Mars Hill campus. Some of these love-birds would do well to let soak into their beezers over a cinch they'd feel better.

The mighty Bambino of fame is a fallen prophet. zealous Mr. Ruth made a statement that "You could the Yankees or Al Smith."

Well, well, the colorful the cleat-trodden gridiron in year 1928. 'Tis only a matter now until there will come clear, ringing blast of the whistle, and the musical swish of the inflated sphere passes along the floor of and into the battered loop.

Our boys, regardless of that they have won sea games, have fought hard. We are proud of them. climbing, boys! Play up, play and play the game. —Ray

The Unwelcome

The question has been "What makes Spilman so attractive to everyone?" It is a fact that there is not a moving center in Mars Hill that of Spilman. Especially is the question continues answered and constantly on various occasions.

Recently it seems that much more interest manifested, usual, for the reals of "A sent an envoy to Spilman will tour. Probably President Hoover received his idea will tour to Central America here's hoping he is receiving more pomp and splendor the cow. Her mission, friendly, came to nought; not even given a formal. Instead there was a very greeting with sticks, rocks, missiles that happened to the reach of those looking.

It is yet to be ascertained what the visitor's object was upon the porch at such a timely hour as Sunday. Someone should take it upon to discover with his wiles, arts the reason of the. William Capel wishes to of the incident and would any information anyone could

One Good Turn Deserves Another

A friend of mine once unique little anecdote which vividly to my mind the "One good turn deserves another." A college boy was beaten through Georgia en route. Luckily for both parties he was given a lift by a motorist from Asheville. conversation was carried which the names and addresses given. Upon the arrival at his destination, the motorist relieved of his passenger, and promptly forgot the. Not so with Mr. Bummer. lied in paying his debts a year afterwards the motorist a crate of oranges from a Florida friend. He shortly that it was his college acquaintance whom he met in such a manner. "One good turn deserves another."