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The Question of Policy

A campus newspaper is always confronted with the question of the policy that is best adapted to the campus on which it is located. The Hilltop, the official organ of Mars Hill College, holds a unique place in the minds of all those on the campus. It is a carefully read sheet and of a necessity must be careful in its editorials so as not to offend any particular person unrightfully. Be that as it may, the policy of The Hilltop, as long as the present staff holds to the office, will be a policy of a reflector of campus policies and campus opinions. We make concessions to no organization on the campus and try to show no favoritism to any particular group.

Anything that is news, regardless of persons connected, and providing it be of printable character, we will print. Any criticism that is offered by students shall be printed as long as no personal remarks are carried.

The paper aims to be a carrier of news, ideas and thoughts, and is not a space in which personal mud-slinging can be conducted, therefore anything in the nature of intensely personal criticism is never printed.

The Hilltop stands fairly behind any forward looking movement on the campus and clearly aligns itself with the progressive element that is ever looking toward a greater Mars Hill.

In conclusion let us state that we are at any time willing to accept criticisms from any persons regarding The Hilltop and are ready at any time to accept the responsibility for anything that appears within its pages. W.C.

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Paragraphics

Such epithets as "Well, aren't we getting good?" "Curses; missed by inches," and "I made that round in par" are being exchanged among the so-called golfers. "Golluf" is the latest sport which Mars Hill students have taken up. It seems to have become very popular in the last week. Aside from the fact that numbers of the little white pills are lost, no mishaps have happened. The course could be much better, but then it could (?) be worse, perhaps. Since "golluf's" debut its followers have daily increased. Expectations of a "golluf toonament" are darkly rumored. Then the formation of a "golluf" club should not be surprising. Well, whether it be on the green or in the rough, "gollufers," don't take it so hard. Sadder things have happened than to make a hole in ten. "Golluf" is hard on nerves as some of the "gollufers," will testify. And the campus has noticed the disgusted looks and disgruntled remarks which accompany the presence of some of the foremost of the "gollufers."

Debaters may come and debaters may go, but Mars Hill has the best ever. Two victories over strong teams representing Weaver College are the latest additions to the ever-increasing laurels of the forensic teams. As yet the girls have not performed, but Monday night they will have that opportunity and against an opponent worthy of their mettle. Here's hoping they come, see, and fail to conquer.

Another sport which seems to be in favor is mumble-peg. Very interesting game to say the least to everyone and everything concerned except the grass and the mugs of the "peg-rooters." There are different types; so you can pay your money and take your choice. Why not have a mumble-peg "toonament" and crown the champion as king of his "world?"

Intercollegiate tennis teams are no longer a myth at M. H. C. A manager has been elected, and negotiations are being made to secure matches. As yet the personnel of the teams has not been selected, but in the near future, the manager announces, this will be done.

A Spanish Legend

(Translated by L. D. Ussery)

In the ancient city of Sergovia, Spain, there is an old aqueduct about which there is an old legend. The legend is told to the children of Sergovia to this very day. It follows:

Many years ago Satan fell in love with a young woman of Sergovia. She lived on a mountain nearby, and every morning she went for water to the spring in the valley.

A certain morning the evil one came out and said to her very politely: "You are very pretty, and if you will marry me, I will do anything whatsoever to please you."

The young woman was frightened and ran to the good father priest to ask him for council. "A bad thing is to displease the devil," the old man said thoughtfully; "so, ask him to do something that is impossible, and he will not annoy you any more."

That night the village girl thought a great deal. She was tired of going for water to the spring in the valley. Why not ask him to make an aqueduct that would carry the water from

the neighboring river to the mountain and to the city, there on top of the rock? That surely would be impossible!

When Lucifer again appeared, the young woman said to him trembling, "I desire that, in one night, you construct me a large aqueduct that will cross the valley at the part below the city and bring us fresh water from the Frio river."

That night there was heard all over Sergovia the roaring of Satan and the groaning of a thousand evil spirits who were pulling enormous stones of granite from the middle of the earth to be used in the construction of the colossal aqueduct.

At dawn the work was ended. Satisfied, Satan waited.

When the young lady saw the strange aqueduct and Satan looking at her smiling, she began to cross herself, frightened and trembling.

Upon seeing the sign of the cross, the evil one fled over mountains and valleys in a rush.

And he probably is still running, because he never again put his foot in Spain.

AFTER I TOOK UP GOLF

(J. Frank Huskins)

When I was a child, I frolicked and smiled  
 In the yard;  
 I played all the year, and things didn't near  
 Look so hard.

I started to learn what I could discern  
 In the world.  
 To me all the books and cross teachers' looks  
 Were unfurled.

Oh! then I coul grin and take it all in  
 Like a Prof;  
 But that, I vow, was before I learned how  
 To play golf.

Don't anyone speak of the perfect technique  
 Of the game.  
 Perhaps you can lie and swear and—but I  
 Do the same!

Perhaps you can swing at the tiny white thing  
 For a score;  
 Perhaps you can pose on inverted left toes  
 And say "Fore."

But I can do that, and I take off my hat  
 To the pair  
 Who can hole it in ten and call themselves men  
 Who don't swear!

I've realized joys a-playing with the boys  
 On the hill,  
 But when I turn 'round and swing every pound  
 At the pill.

And it frolics off hitha' like a crazy dog with a  
 Bloomin' fit,  
 I think I could swear and pull out my hair  
 And just quit.

But I'm not the kind to turn loose my mind  
 Quite so vain;  
 So with bosom still filled I return and upbuild  
 It again.

Now that is the way that collegians should play  
 The good golf.  
 Does efficiency count, in golfing or out?  
 Ask the Prof!

"A Lost Poem"

One day while wandering 'mongst the rustling corn,  
 Within my pondering mind a poem was born;  
 No pen and paper had I with me then,  
 That I might write, and pass it on to men.

My soul implored the phantom poem to stay,  
 But quickly as it came it fled away;  
 But, oh, how sweet it was, and strong and bright,  
 The whilst it stayed! Like some celestial light  
 That flashes once from off a distant shore,  
 A moment beams, then fades to shine no more.

And now through all the days and years that flee  
 I strive to call the phantom back to me—  
 In vain, in vain!  
 The poem that came amongst the whispering corn  
 Will in my wondering, yearning soul be born  
 No more again!

—D. L. S.

SPRING

From hill and grassy vale is heard  
 The chirp-chirp of the early bird;  
 The spring-clouds hov'ring o'er the earth  
 Attend refreshing April's birth,  
 While showers descend and brooklets run—  
 A little breeze—and then the sun  
 Comes peeping from his hiding place  
 And warmly kisses earth's cool face,  
 Then disappears behind the rain,  
 But presently bursts forth again  
 To spread his cheer and send his ray  
 Of HOPE upon the fragrant day.  
 O Spring—God sent thee from above  
 To 'waken and to call to love.

—Fred. C. Bose.

Believe It or Not—

With Apologies to Ripley  
 Pearle Justice and Floyd Williams  
 are in love!

"Whit" Meares had a date on the  
 soupline!

"Prince" Wilkins runs a candy fac-  
 tory!

Mr. Lee is a model husband even  
 tho' Mr. McLeod won't admit it!

We're going to have a junior-  
 senior reception!

Kat Bennett's latest term of en-  
 dearment is "ole."

We won all the debates!  
 There's a golf course at Mars Hill!

Rom Sparks plays "Somebody's  
 Stole My Gal."

Lester Farrell is Bobby Jones'  
 understudy. He made 3 holes in 24—  
 on the Cascada Country Club course!

Helen Ramsey frames her "city  
 notes."

Jim Cherry is sensible!

IN BEHALF OF THE GRASS

I am a mere blade of grass,  
 I wave and nod to those who pass,  
 I stay there 'mongst the rest,  
 And do my duty as God thinks best.

If the large number of the band,  
 Would move off and let me stand,  
 I'd do my bit to make green  
 Every bare spot that can be seen.

It mars my beauty and makes me pine,  
 As on me those college boys recline,  
 Mumble-peg is now the go,  
 And rooting-the-peg does irritate me so!

—FRANCES P. JUSTICE.

Was there ever a man who will-  
 ingly admitted having shown poor  
 judgment?

Whenever you tell someone to re-  
 mind you of something you're sure  
 to remember it yourself.

HERE AND T

By "Red" King

Well, for the third time  
 this column makes its  
 and for the third time the  
 not know what kind of li  
 to the fond readers.

The baseball team is  
 real work down at the "F  
 dium and the gang vows  
 Saturday with the boys fr  
 tile Institute will be ma  
 the games won column.  
 is doing some clever wo  
 boys in the outer garden  
 ing real ball hawks.

The pitching staff is  
 every day. It seems now  
 Bruce, Albritton, and B  
 the "foursome" that will  
 burden of mound duty th

Jack Felmet has surpris  
 the fans that watch the  
 out with his ability to h  
 hide. If Jack had been o  
 and had the experience t  
 the other pitchers have,  
 say that he would be one  
 ulars for this season, and  
 frame may yet find itself  
 suit.

The "Lions" have a t  
 handle this year if they  
 top in a majority of the  
 following teams appear  
 dule: Textile Institute  
 burg, East Tennessee St  
 College of Johnson C  
 Springs, Wofford College  
 burg, Rutherford College  
 Springs, and Lenoir R  
 are some open dates on  
 and there is a possibilit  
 will be filled in soon.

So far the writer has  
 ceive any predictions as  
 come of the two big lea  
 races for the coming s  
 hoped that some of the  
 around here will hand  
 tions as soon as possible.

This season will find  
 son back in the big tent  
 as pilot in the minors. Jo  
 haps the most loved play  
 tional game and thous  
 throughout the country  
 the best of luck as he m  
 step as a manager in the  
 League. The Senators h  
 out of 20 starts in the  
 among the training camp  
 dope bucket remains  
 Washington club should  
 first division this year. J  
 over the job left vacant  
 Harris, who is the new  
 Detroit Tygers.

On Monday evening  
 week while a group of  
 gentlemen were mean  
 way over to Melrose and  
 came upon a sight that  
 eyes with tears. A be  
 and white cat lay dead  
 The boys decided that  
 best for the cat, as we  
 boys that passed by,  
 should have the benefi  
 It fell to the lot of  
 Morse to act as the c  
 taker for the sad occasi  
 Morse was arranging a  
 ket from a discarded s  
 other young men deck  
 coffin with gorgeous flow  
 funeral procession wen  
 slowly up the winding  
 and into Melrose and  
 Meares's room where the  
 mony was conducted in  
 beautiful manner by S  
 ter the service was ove  
 taker (Sammy Gale M  
 tucked the casket under  
 followed by the honorar  
 "Fat" Messer, "29" E  
 Saunders and Yours Tr  
 into the wide open sp  
 fresh air. The pallbear  
 undertaker at the fire  
 what became of the c  
 only to Mr. Morse.

Sunday the soup line  
 by Graydon Jordan at  
 Buckner. Now, perhaps  
 had other plans in view,  
 Club boys thought the  
 ladies needed to be tre  
 result the boys went  
 frow did not go, but the  
 story and will be told