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Lest We Forget

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, Lest we forget."

As we commemorate that sacred Sunday that is set aside for Mother many of us feel a tinge of sweet sadness at the thought of another who also loves us, one of those who put forth the effort that has placed many of us here and who are looking to their sons to be all that is fine and great in a Christian world. They do not receive the commemoration on a day such as this, but they are equally as susceptible to loving kindnesses.

The highest ambition of any little scout is to grow up and be the kind of man "that Daddy is." Many of us are trying to live up to that, and are struggling along to be the kind of man that "Dad" is—or was. To those of us who have to struggle along because our dads have gone on, well, that one word "dad" means a lot to us.

I think that it would only be proper to set aside one day to remember Dad by. He has done so much for us. He has worked, saved, slaved, and sacrificed that his son may have the best that is available, or that his daughter may have all the advantages that he would wish. He doesn't expect the returns in love and consideration that Mother gets, but you can bet he appreciates all the love that we can give him; and if every boy and girl would live up to the standards that their dads expect of them, this would be a pretty good old world. So when you write home every week, don't just mention "my love to Dad"; but write him a letter, and you will feel a closer tie than ever to him.

—W. C.

Paragraphics

Saturday sees the inter-society declamation clash. This promises to be one of the most hotly contested affairs since the establishment of the medal. Neither participant seems to have the edge, and it is foreseen that the decision will be difficult. Here's hoping the best man wins.

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As Commencement approaches, picnics are exceedingly abundant. Every organization seems to have saved its outing until now, and never a day passes but some group sets out for parts unknown. Sunday School classes, county clubs, honor organizations, debaters, the staffs of publications, all are taking afternoons, and sometimes whole days off to forget their worries and have a good time. It's a cinch, you'll never enjoy life any younger.

\* \* \* \*

After so long a time the track meet has actually taken place and, of course, on Saturday afternoon. The future champions performed in great style and merited the blue M's which those fortunate enough to gain four points received. From the looks of their performances it appears that we have some athletes in our midst who will compare favorably with those in larger schools; consequently, we ask why not have a track team?

\* \* \* \*

The last milestone and Waterloo is slowly approaching. Those demons in the form of examinations are due to take their toll. About the only thing to do now is study. That's about the only remedy that can be applied to examinations, and even that fails to work at times. Maybe the gods of chance will favor the weary one, and there might be some questions that he can answer. Let luck and study form a combination, and there is no way to avoid passing.

\* \* \* \*

Three rousing cheers! The Hilltop has a typewriter, and furthermore there has been a room set aside for the use of The Hilltop staff. It is just next to the chorus room in the B. S. U. Building. The publication room has been sorely needed, and it is very evident that it's going to be used.

\* \* \*

"Autograph My Laurel"

"Please autograph my Laurel," is the statement or request to be heard wherever one goes. Then if one wishes to comply with the request (as he usually does), he takes the Laurel wherever he happens to be and writes a favorite saying, some flattering words, some philosophy, or his name! Yes, that is the way it goes.

Someone remarked that there are more "fibs" told around commencement time than at any other time—The Laurels are out! This did not mean straight out stories, of course, but it means that persons one scarcely knows will write things in one's Laurel that will make anyone who does not know the person think he was the best kind of friend.

It is human nature to like flattery. Flattery is pleasing to everyone. But lo, the effects of it are often detrimental to persons. Flattery taken in the true sense is all right, but if it causes one to think more of his or her beauty, ability, and personality, then it is better unsaid. If persons have these qualities they usually are aware of the fact. But if they are continually being told of it, it has a tendency to cause artificiality.

It may be pleasing until the novelty has worn off to have false statements, flattery and such written in Laurels, but in years to come all will treasure the Laurels more if the truth is there. It will remain; the other grows old. Therefore, I think, more of the students will appreciate your writing something that is genuine and really worth while. Anyway, you are expected to write beside your own picture, and what you write will be a reflection on you; so be careful!

We are certainly glad to see Dr. and Mrs. Robert again on the campus. They have been away for quite a while, and have been missed by the students and the faculty.

\* \* \*

The election of Levi Dilday as president of the senior class for next year came as a surprise to a great part of the campus. Dilday has been a sterling student, both in classwork and school interest, and he is expected to prove exceedingly capable in his new position.

\* \* \*

The French play given in chapel Thursday seems to have amused the audience. This seems strange as it was a tragedy.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the most outstanding characters on the campus are the visitors from Cuba. We hope that they are enjoying their stay, and we know that their aid in Spanish is greatly appreciated.

\* \* \*

The May-Day festivities were splendid, and every one in the cast deserves commendation.

To Mrs. Walter E. Wilkens

My Latin Teacher

I love the face of this teacher of mine—  
Beauty and love her dear heart entwined.  
To her class dear as a favorite flower  
Growing sweeter every passing hour.  
To work as she plans is unstinted joy  
In her teaching gold there is no alloy.  
She rules by love and never by fear  
This teacher whom we in our hearts hold dear.

When she suggests, "Dear, is your parsing quite complete?"  
We feel like falling right down at her feet,  
And imploring her just this once to forgive,  
Adding promise tomorrow, sure as we live,  
Will find parsing done, even books that are lost,  
And faithful to our work we will keep  
To retain her affection, strong and deep.

She is loyal; she is kind; a friend all the while,  
She scatters glad sunshine with every sweet smile.  
To share a place in her heart is bliss—  
A share the faithful can never miss.  
That these words by Wordsworth aptly expressed  
Are descriptive of her must be confessed:  
"She is a woman nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

May 10, 1929.

—Leila Reese Honeycutt.

My Flag's Adventure

If my flag could talk it would tell you the following story:

One night during the worst of the war situation in Canton, China, Mr. Tipton was called to the telephone by one of the Chinese Christians. The man was very much frightened and his voice shook. He told Mr. Tipton that the Hunanese soldiers were looting and burning the city, that they were coming near the Ha Wa Bank on the Bund. This bank was owned and operated by the Christians of Canton. Mr. Chung begged Mr. Tipton to help them get in touch with the General in command of these troops and beg him to protect this bank.

Mr. Tipton hurriedly took me down from the wall, ran to his Ford and started to the local police headquarters. On the way he picked up another missionary, Mr. Will Green (a former Mars Hill student), and took him along. Arriving at the police station, Mr. Tipton and Mr. Green went in to see the chief of the ninth sub-station of the police of Canton, Mr. Ng Yok Wan, who welcomed them. When they told their story he sent two police with them with the lanterns of the sub-station.

It soon became quite evident that the car could not be used, as had been planned; so I was taken down from my place on the radiator cap and Mr. Tipton carried me high enough so that the pickets along the way could see me and know that he was an American citizen and would probably not molest him. We had to stop and prove our identity many times before we got to the Kung Yee Hospital where we found Dr. Todd. He took me on his official physician's automobile and we started to the Yamen of General Yeung Hei Man, commanding general of the Hunanese troops.

The streets were filled with fleeing men, women, and children, and lit up by flames from houses and business houses alike. Shots, screams, and cries came from every side. Some streets were impassable, but Dr. Todd never gave up.

When we finally arrived at the Yamen of General Yeung, and got an audience we found him lying on a bed of bamboo, smoking his opium pipe. He listened to Dr. Todd because he knew from months of experience that the doctor gave his time and talents to relieving the suffering among thousands in and around Canton City.

After considering a few moments,

the General said a few words to his orderly in Hunanese. Turning to Dr. Todd he asked if he had an American flag, and I was handed over. The orderly took me, went to the bank on the Bund and set me on guard over it for the night, placing a guard of a dozen or so Hunanese soldiers around the building to help me.

The looting went on all about and the flames burned the next building, but the one we guarded was untouched. We kept guard until the next morning at nine o'clock when Mr. Tipton and Mr. Anderson came and took the money out of the bank, placed it in the car and took it to the British concession on Shameen, two other Americans walking by the car.

After such an exciting experience I am glad of a chance to be quietly guarding the wall of 221 Brown Dormitory, Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N. C.

—H. Bryson Tipton.

Hats and Things!

Who said women are subject to every new fad and fashion that comes along? Surely, that opinion would soon be changed if the firm believers in it were to come to Mars Hill and stay a couple of days!

What? You don't know what I'm talking about? Well, haven't you seen the luminous caps that the boys are wearing? Why, they've been all the go during the past week until the last few days. I say the last few days simply to cite you to another instance of the suddenness with which the boys drop a new fad—as quickly as they pick it up. Why, for several days a person who did not know the whims of the boys and why they were wearing such loud caps would have thought it a festival of some sort, a holiday (series of them), or that a circus had come to town had they seen the campus flecked with dots of purple, red, orange, green, blue, and yellow. Not only were there caps, but some of the boys even wore flowers in their lapels to match the caps!

And suspenders! Yes. Like the ones our forefathers wore back in the olden days, although I doubt if they wore any so striped or so brightly colored as the ones seen on the campus—I mean on the boys.

It all began last fall when some of the boys decided not to indulge in another shave until they won a ball game. Well, they won, thank goodness. Had they not I shudder to think how they would look today! Then followed the new haircut. Was there ever a name given to that particular

cut? Anyway, it was practical.

Why, it is perfectly all sport around with caps of various colors, flowers to match, suspenders with unheeled (before) stripes, checks, etc. My reason for writing this is to make clear to those who laugh at girls for being so foolish, on girls for being so foolish, take up every new thing that comes along, that boys are just as foolish as girls. Take them up.

Boys, you may think you are cute; so do we! But, you are wondering what will be the first one to wear it.

The Worm

There have been some worms lately there are still a few at Mars Hill who are like the worm which I have often seen. In beaten paths and in other places where the ground is hard, in summer there may be a smooth, round hole about the size of a twenty-penny nail. The hole goes straight down to about seven inches' depth. The walls of these holes are little white which have brown heads. They are comparatively strong pincers. They are up just in advance of the part of the worm proper. In the pincers, be it observed, is an interesting characteristic, the worm's discussion lay hold of the subjects which come within its reach. If someone inserts a little weed down far enough into these holes barely to touch the occupant, he may pull the worm take hold of the stem. He jerks quickly, may pull the men out to the top of the hole.

Now, upon investigation, that this grub which our worms is not so profitable to us as rather injurious. For his tender, so that when he is out of his hole, being scrubbed that part of his back which is kind of hump on it, again of his habitation, he emerges as if he had been curried. He will back into his hole if he is not and will readily bite the which is put into his den, profiting nothing from his experience.

Now, need it be said that thieves, though they, because of thieving, are lowered in estimation and are scrubbed by public opinion as their own consciences (those whose consciences have no winter quarters), and though they begin to realize that the brings them little satisfaction, peace of mind, that they begin to build within themselves which is repulsive, which indulgence, and which the all the future attempt to need it be said that some continue to thieve, not profiting more from their past experience than did the worm?

Why should the wisest animals be no wiser, or than those of the baser kind which slide flat on the grass? Those worms crawling to the very best they can, it is evident that these worms on our campus continue themselves by petty thieving, usually just for mere trifles, not worth even one hour's torment of a mind at peace.

To be sure, it is sometimes admit even to one's self, to others, that one is in but a weakness or a delusion, not be overcome until it is cured; so the best way is squarely and set it right. One has a deep respect for who has courage to face, a sincere desire to overcome faults. Then to continue to add to one's peril. To in it is to find the darkness the current stronger and and hope more dim and weaker.

—L. B.

Literature is the voice of a billion souls crying in distress for an explanation.

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Scared Husband: "I can't think there's a ghost in the house."

Disgusted Wife: "I don't know."