

VOL. FOUR	The Hilltop	No. 1
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Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, February 20, 1926.

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association.

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The Hilltop Policy

It has always been the custom of the Hilltop to print in the first issue of each year a statement of the plans and policies that are to be pursued by the paper during the year. As each new staff undertakes to take over the publication of a paper new problems arise that require new attitudes that are different from the old accepted ones. Therefore, the policy of a paper is in keeping with the progress of the times. The Hilltop will ever strive to be one jump ahead of the times and forecast and portray the most cosmopolitan ideas and ideals that permeate the campus. We, the staff, want you to feel that the Hilltop is your paper and that you are welcome to write in it what you please as long as what you say is not of a personal concern.

The Hilltop is controlled by no group and is dictated to by none. We intend to merely set before you the happenings, the ideas, the work, and the plans that are in vogue on the campus. With your co-operation we can do this in a way that will reflect credit upon the entire institution. The Staff.

Societies

One of the most outstanding characteristics of the Mars Hill campus is the four literary societies. These societies have luxuriously furnished halls and put out the maximum of work to keep these places of meeting in tiptop condition. Of course there is rivalry between the different societies. The Eus and Nons try with all their powers of persuasion to get more members than the Phis and Clios who are struggling equally as hard to bring about the very same condition.

It is most emphatically recommended that every student join one or the other of these societies, because of the training it gives and the influences upon the campus. The aim of all of the societies is to promote high thinking and college spirit between the various factions and sections found on the Hill. It gives the best available opportunity for training in public speaking and debating. By all means, join one and align yourself with the foremost institutions on the campus.

The Spirit of Fair Play

The spirit of fair play is not such a tangible thing as it might seem at first thought. One can not point out a man and say, "That man plays with the spirit of fair play in his mind." Fair play is the spontaneous spirit of friendly comradeship that prompts a man to instinctively be the sportsman in his action toward all his fellow men.

The spirit of fair play extends further than the gridiron, the diamond, or the hardwood. All too soon do we jump at the conclusion that fair play means sportsmanlike conduct in an athletic contest. It means that, certainly, but its deeper and more significant meaning is in regard to ourselves. Every move we make brings us into contact with some problem in which the spirit of fair play has a part. We must learn to play fair with ourselves first and be square and above board with every one else. To do this one must be fair not only in the eyes of the multitudes, but also in the privacy of his own mind. He must deal with his personal problems in a fairminded way.

Be fair. Be straight. Be honest. All these characteristics are contained in the words "fair play." If we are to be the men and women that those who are sending us here want us to be, we must have that spirit about us, and now is the time to begin. Look around you, take stock of yourself, and see where you stand; and then set out to acquire that most valuable of all property that is free to only those who take it—fairmindedness.

L. D. EDWARDS

In the passing of Mr. L. D. Edwards, whose death came unexpectedly September 13 as the result of an automobile accident, Mars Hill College loses one of her most loyal sons and a genuine friend, and the community sustains the loss of one of its most useful and altruistic citizens.

Mr. Edwards was a student at Mars Hill 1897-1898; later he served his alma mater as a member of the board of trustees, part of the time as sec-

retary of the board. Through the years he has been a staunch and liberal supporter of the college and a personal friend to individual students. In the social life of the community, civic and religious, Mr. Edwards always assumed his full share of responsibilities. In the church where he served as teacher, Sunday School superintendent, and deacon his absence will be keenly felt.

While the entire community shares the bereavement of the family and the members who have felt his personal friendship and generosity, all are perhaps richer and nobler because of his life.

IDEALS

Every good and noble life has been, and always will be, attained through the pursuit and observance of an ideal.

At this period in our life when we are striving toward the goal of higher education and success it is imperative that we have as our ultimate aim that which is good and noble in life. James Allen says, "You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you." It is obviously true that if you have as your ideal that which is good and true, you will become that kind of a man or woman. On the other hand, if your aim be not at that which is good and noble, your life will hardly be worth living. It is undoubtedly true that you will become that which you have visioned yourself, because you will "gravitate toward that which you secretly love."

So, aim at that which will make you a person respected and admired by your fellow men; live the kind of a life that is untarnished in the eyes of your inner self, and you "will become as small as your dominating desire and as great as your dominant aspiration."

—Nelson Jarrett.

CHOICES

There is quite a bit said about the effect of childhood influence upon older life. It is the accepted theory of all who study child psychology that the habits and tendencies exhibited at an early age have a profound influence upon the trend of the later life of the subject.

It is in much the same manner that the junior college influences the remainder of the college career. It is, therefore, of vital importance that the selection of that college be sound.

It is believed that there is no other college in the South that serves a more useful purpose and has more influence than Mars Hill. Your choice of this institution shows that you have investigated and discovered for yourself the many things that make it the college it is today.

It is always quite a problem to welcome new persons into an atmosphere that is strange to them, and consequently it is rather hard for the old students to be as friendly as they would like to be in their dealings with the new students. Every man on this hill welcomes your presence and appreciates your choice. They will all strive to make your stay as enjoyable as possible. It then remains for you to co-operate in every way possible to make your presence as enjoyable to the old students as possible, for it is only through hearty co-operation that we can ever hope to weld together a stalwart body of students who are striving toward the same goal.

PARAGRAPHS

"Can you Yo-Yo, and if not why not?" is only one of the remarks that are flying thick and fast on the campus these last few days. The new fad has struck the Hill. Every one seems to be struck with the fever and the little round wooden pellets hitched to their string are to be seen flying in every direction.

Football is in the air. The muffled thump of the pigskin against shoe-leather, the clash of the contending bodies of the warriors as they pile desperately into a squirming mass, all adds to the thrill that one gets from the grand old game. When the air gets a little crisper and the janitor begins to be cussed out, you will have the privilege of seeing the team in action in the first home game of the season against Boiling Springs on October 12. Everyone wants to be out for the game. The prospects are bright, but no team can do its best unless it gets the whole-hearted support of the fans.

While Yo-Yo is the go among the boys the girls have adopted quite a new fad. Little dogs, blue, with M. H. C. blankets over their rather thin mid-sections, are quite the rage. What the names of all the many little fellows are one can scarcely tell, but any way, they are very much in evidence.

ARS POETAE

Students are invited to contribute original poetry of any variety to the Hilltop. Submit to the editor of this department.

A NIGHT SCENE

Come, and walk with me tonight
To yon little dreamy height;
Feel with me a deep delight
Through your spirit thrilling sweet:
Oft I clamb this little hill,
Standing for a moment still
Listening to the gurgling rill
Softly murmuring at my feet.

Downward in the misty vale
Winding till my vision fail,
Runs the roadway winding pale,
Onward trailing through the mist;
Murmuring mores the sleepy stream
Twinkling 'neath the dreamy gleam
Of the glancing moonlight beam
By a million ripples kiss'd.

Round me blends the drony song
Of the night's numbered throng;
These to Nature's choir belong,
Nature's nightly symphony.
Oft while other mortals rest,
Here upon this little crest,
Something stirs within my breast—
Like diviner melody.

Better now I understand
Beauty of creation's hand,
Feeling what the Maker plann'd
Finds expression in the sight:
Some may doubt, but tell not me
Beauty, song, and harmony,
Come by chance; for I can see
God's soul in a summer night.
D. L. STEWART.

When down town or in Asheville patronize those firms advertising in the Hilltop.



At the Cascades

As I sat on a rock beside the stream at the Cascades sometime ago my mind began to wander about. I looked up the stream just where the water began to glide down the rock into the pool some yards below. It reminded me of life. As I saw the water as it first came into view it was a small stream. That reminded me of the first years of life, and it signified innocence. Then began the descent down the path of life. The water ran smoothly in some places, swiftly in others. The rock which the water glided over was not smooth; in some places it was very rough and there were pits. The water rushed madly down its course, hitting those pits with a jar. At such places that reminded me of the pits that are unavoidable in life as we travel along. Some of the water avoided these pits by sheer accident. Some of the water ran along the edges and kept close to the edges of the rock-stream bed as though it were afraid to venture farther into the stream.

It all reminded me of life. We are all going along the path to eternity. Some of us are going forward rapidly, little caring where we go, how we go. Some are tactfully avoiding the pitfalls; others get into them accidentally; and a few of us step close to the edge, afraid to venture out into life. Many of us rush headlong into pitfalls and get a severe shock which awakens us to the realization that we have a life to live and that we must live it in a short time.

But with all the tact and skillful manipulation of the mechanism of our lives, the hardships, the bumps, the pitfalls, and the smooth way, we land in the same place—eternity. I looked down the swiftly moving stream I thought of it as life and the pool at the foot of the rock eternity—the destiny of everyone, matter what kind of life he has lived.

—F. Pearle Justice.

THE WEATHER

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pod the milkweed
Her hidden silk has spun.

By all these lovely tokens
September's days are here,
With autumn's best of weather
And winter's best of cheer.

Marriages

—MHC—

Mars Hill students are going fast. Mr. Douglas M. Robinson was married to Miss Kathleen Blackstock the 31st of August, 1929.

On August 12th, 1929, Miss Mary Sue Gribble was married to Mr. Avery Cunningham.

Mr. Arnold Kimsey King was recently married to Miss Edna Coates.

Dr. J. T. Mitchell and Miss Julia Phillips, both former Mars Hill students, were married September 3rd.

On June 26th, Miss Mary Thigpen and Mr. Arthur Hayes, both former students of Mars Hill, were married.

Miss Magdalene Blankenship and Mr. Neros F. Ransdell were recently married.

At last Mr. Herman Wells has found a bride.

The principal of the school Marshall this year is Mr. Douglas Robinson. Mr. Robinson has some 600 pupils.

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