

MEANDERINGS AROUND

The music demons are at it. The wail of the sax and the moan of the trombone were not stilled by a summer vacation but came as the falling of the autumn leaves to again vex and worry those who cannot play an instrument. If Mrs. Robinson can get an orchestra out of that bunch she deserves the silver-plated footstool.

Wonder what all those Hilltop meetings are about. Hear they're going on a picnic sometime. Wonder who's invited to help the struggling staff up Ogle.

I actually believe some of those last year birds think we miss them, but we know better. They keep writing every now and then and tell us to send them a Hilltop. We will, but for once their names won't be in it. They're just the has-beens that we'll be next year, provided the teachers are merciful.

I wonder if— Claude Royal ever worries about anything.

Dean Plemmons goes to Spanish for Spanish.

Bil Capel ever wakes up for breakfast.

If Graydon Jordon has got over blushing about some joke that seems to be on him?

Camnetz will ever stop teasing Belle Howell.

They will really keep you out of the dining hall if you don't wear a tie.

There are times when it is best to be heard and not seen. Don't ask.

If all go to Milligan who says they are going there will be enough to be quite a group to yell and sing the Blue and Gold on to victory. I hope no one has to ask who won after the game is over.

By the way, the trucks have careful drivers who go slowly.

We wonder if all freshmen are born homesick or do they get that way after looking at the old students.

Ways to succeed—

1. Never wear a tie at meals, then you'll know you are independent and can't be overlorded.

2. Never study your lessons; of course the profs will realize that you have a brilliant mind and will pass you anyway.

3. Don't go to chapel; then everyone will realize that you are an individual and not one of the mass.

4. Be sure to wear suspenders even if they make sore places on your shoulders; then they can all see how collegiate you are.

5. Always pick a fight with a man bigger than you are; then he'll know you're not afraid of him.

6. Never answer the roll call; then the teacher will know that you are too interested and individual to do so.

7. Always break in when others are talking; then they will know that you know something about it too.

With these few words of wisdom, to struggling readers, I say goodbye.

Barny Ipsingwitz.

Freshman: "If you could give me your telephone number I could call you up."

Girl: "Oh, the number's in the book."

Freshman: "Fine, but what's your name?"

Girl: "Oh, that's in the book, too."

Motorist: "Is it very far to the next town?"

Native: "Wal, it seems furthurin' it is, but it ain't."

Young Zoologists

The biology students, though young in the study of animals, are becoming regular zoologists. If they continue to progress in the field of zoological sciences as they have heretofore, their names will some day be selected as "Milestones of zoological progress."

With much ease they sketch the Arthropoda, but as young adventurers they wish to go further into its physiological anatomy. They sketch many creatures which never have been seen, or never will be. And not until examination time rolls around do they realize that paragonically speaking from a philosophical standpoint of view they were dynamically wrong in their microscopic observations.

The field trips are also of vast importance. The young zoologists go out in quest of species of animals ranging from the Phylum Protozoa to that of mammalia. One day a fellow ventured forth upon a field trip in quest of a female specie of the homo sapiens. It seems that he must have found IT, for he takes in the soup-line quite often. D.A.H.

(Borrowed) Another Letter From a Bald-Headed Dad to a Flapper Laughter

By Robert Quillen

My Dear Louise:

You will be ready for college next year and I have been making a few inquiries in the hope of finding a school that will do you more good than harm.

So far I haven't succeeded.

All of the schools for young women in this section of the country are equipped to teach you as much as you need to know, but not one of them seems to know the value of liberty.

All of them seem rather proud of their "restrictions." A freshman isn't permitted to walk down town by himself; she may go shopping but once a week and then must be chaperoned; she isn't permitted to use a telephone while down town; she may have a "date" only once each week and then must sit in a room with other girls who have callers; she may not talk to a boy while she is on the street.

These are samples. Different schools have different rules, some reasonable and some foolish, and all of them relax discipline after the first.

I don't mean to imply that rules like these would harm you—if you obeyed them. But foolish rules aren't obeyed and that makes them bad medicine for growing girls.

The female of the species loves liberty no less than the male, and when girls are enslaved by petty rules they become sneaks. They become expert in the art of hoodwinking authority, and they develop the belief that sin consists in being caught.

What is more, and worse, when they are punished for doing some harmless thing that is "wrong" only because a college rule forbids it, they develop an inevitable contempt for rule makers and learn to hate authority.

I think it a bad scheme and I don't want you mixed up in it.

If I couldn't trust you out of my sight without a chaperone, I wouldn't waste the money to educate you.

Some restrictions are necessary, for girls of your age aren't overburdened with good judgment and might run wild if turned loose without a hobbie.

But I won't send you to a college whose foolish rules develop sneaks, and if I can't find one with more liberal ideas than a reform school, I'll keep you at home and send you up each morning on the bus.

I'd like to give you taste of "college life," but I have taught you to love liberty and be worthy of it and I won't have my work spoiled by well-meaning people who think character is developed by means of chains.

Of more than passing interest was the unveiling, Sunday, October 6th, at Fletcher, N. C., of a bronze tablet, mounted on a shaft of granite, to the memory of H. Frank Arnold, the orchestrator of "Dixie," the popular song of the Southland. This song was played for the first time at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as president of the Confederacy, February 18, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala.

K-9 KRACKS

Dear Barney:

No doubt you are glad to know that I have returned from my vacation. But whether you are or not, I am. I am now ready to give you a lot of the latest happenings.

It looks sorter natural to see some of the folks back, namely De Forest and Margaret, Virginia and Frank, Alice and T. Carl, Hattie Sue and Ed. Well, it makes things seem more homelike.

Oh, did you know that A. B. Parker has returned? No? Well, he has.

You know there are lots of things we will never be able to solve. Some things can't be solved, but we do wonder if Jarret ever found the girls; if the dining hall doors were not locked a little too early Sunday night; if Frank Dale has learned to Yo-Yo.

When some folks will ever learn to observe at the table. Why all the girls fell for John Cain. Who it was that ran a mile in twelve minutes Sunday afternoon. Why May Bragg likes roommates. Why Mildred Meares has lost interest in the soup-line. There are others, but I will wait until next letter to tell you.

It has rained twice a week and then nearly every other day since we have been here.

The girls have new gym suits. They are good looking, too. Just ought to see them. They're steppin out, anyway—the girls!

I think there is a contest on to see who can get the most finger waves before Saturday night. Why? Oh, that is the first real date night. You see, Seniors are allowed two dates a week besides the one on Sunday, when they all go on the C-11 line!

The Hilltop staff is going on a picnic to Ogle Meadows sometime. It is quite interesting to note just who is invited to go.

This is one of my regular shopping days and as I am trying to reduce I must go to town and weigh.

Yours in school, Mirandy.

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Tramp or Gentleman?

By D. L. Stewart

Some time ago a teacher—a much loved teacher—digressed from the lesson long enough to tell an interesting little incident about a foreign-tramp who called at her house. The story was told with a view to pointing out peculiarities, or interesting little variations, of different languages.

For instance, when the tramp went to chop some wood—unusual for a tramp?—he remarked that "the axe she dull." Whereupon it was evident at once that the word axe, in that foreigner's own particular language, was feminine gender.

But for another cause this story is written.

This particular tramp, as you noticed above, was chopping wood; and, according to the story, he was not ordered to chop wood as payment for a meal, but, upon seeing a pile of wood awaiting the axe, himself insisted upon chopping a supply to pay for his dinner. The author of this article felt a lump in his throat as this little story was told; for a time was when he also was a tramp, and chopped, not one but many piles of wood for as many dinners—and noticed, like his honest contemporary, that "the axe she dull"—refraining, however, from embarrassing the owner by reminding him of the fact.

To the average person the word "tramp" carries with it an atmosphere somewhat of repugnance. Synonymous in our minds with the word "tramp" is lack of ambition, laziness, slothfulness. We hold in contempt a fellow who would rather beg than

work. And as the honest pedestrian who wants to work for a meal or a night's lodging is classed, ignorantly or otherwise, with the professional leech. That cannot be helped.

But is a "tramp" who wills to work for what he gets deserving to be classed with the ambitionless fellow who is satisfied to live on the charity of others? Is he indeed a tramp—"a strolling beggar," as the dictionary terms him, and as our imagination pictures him, who by the brown of his arm and the sweat of his brow earns what is coming to him? There

is something alive in the soul of who is unwilling to receive something for nothing; ambition is not dead that man's breast. If he be a tramp then he is of a different caliber from him with whom we associate terms of suspicion and indolence. God speed you, good friend, occasioned this story: we trust out yonder there is something better than wandering awaiting you; your itinerary is but a trans means to a worthy end; and that cloak of a tramp covers the soul of man.

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