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Table with columns for STAFF (Editor, Associate Editor, Society), MANAGERIAL (Business Manager, Assistant Business Manager, Circulation Manager, Exchange Manager), and REPORTORIAL (Frank Dale, Boyd Brown, Ray Tolbert, Sam Rich).

After Eleven Years

The signing of the armistice eleven years ago brought unknown happiness to the minds and hearts of millions of people. The preceding years of strife and turmoil had made destitute numbers of homes, had made many friendless and without family.

The Question of Clubs

On our campus there are three learned clubs. I think they are of great value to the college, though not in the way they exist at present. When I say exist I mean just that. In my estimation they are doing well to keep alive.

The Dawn of Peace

Eleven o'clock. A dead silence falls over the war-torn front. The ears, long attuned to the whine and crash of exploding shells fail to record the sudden quiet. The utter stillness is ghastly, feverish, then comprehension comes to the weary men standing under arms.

The dawn of peace was not the first feverish reaction to the hideousness of war. Time will rob it of its ugliness and revive some of its former glory. It was not in the worship of the men who returned; it lies in the minds of youth.

Never before has the world witnessed such a drive for universal peace, a peace that will be permanent, not temporary, a peace that is not a peace of nations, but a peace of the souls of men.

OPEN FORUM

To the Editor of the Hilltop:

Looking ahead we see only ten days proposed for Christmas and none for Thanksgiving. Have the controllers of the powers of this college forgotten the days of yore when they,

too, were students? We think not; yet there are the aforesaid holidays down in black and white. No mention is made whatsoever about Thanksgiving. Although we, the younger generation, are considered fast, nevertheless we would stop on that day to thank God for the

founders of our nation and our college, to give thanks for life and the fullness thereof.

Let us consider the question of holidays. We are prone to want too many. Yet a rest now and then is helpful both to teachers and students. One reason suggested as to why we don't get more days at Thanksgiving is that a few students could not possibly go home and get back in time for the following Monday classes.

Shall this year be a repeater of last year? Let us hope not. Providence stepped in last year and gave us a lengthened vacation.

Those who are away from home the first time feel that six days—deducting four days in traveling to and from home—are not enough to make up for the energy spent in school during the fall months. We who are more hardened feel a longing for the home folks and others.

Is there no way for us to get a few more days at Yuletide? It seems that some one has erred in making out the calendar for this year. "To err is human." But why twice? Can we not profit by our mistakes? In principle we can copy the colored man who was asked whose fault it was if the mule kicked him.

One who would appreciate action on this important matter, Boyd Brown.

ARS POETAE

Lest We Forget

THE SOLDIER
If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is forever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam, A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home. And think, this heart, all evil shed away, A pulse in the eternal mind, no less Gives back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day; And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness, In hearts at peace, under an English heaven. —RUPERT BROOKE.

THE DEAD

Dear love, they say thou art at rest. I heed them not, though thou art long, Dreaming that thou, with heart still strong For fighting, followest some far quest.

They say, dear heart, I must forget. Nay, though the agony be deep, That memory can never sleep. Thy passioned kisses linger yet.

They say, dear love, the daisies blithe Shall o'er thy head in summer spring. Daisies! . . . I see thy body swing Lithe and strong-limbed, above the scythe.

Dear Love, they say that in the light Of heaven's joy our souls shall meet. Dear God! I want thee now, the sweet Sight of thee—not in heaven—tonight. —VIOLET GILLESPIE.

Socks

Shining pins that dart and click In the fireside's sheltered peace Check the thoughts that cluster thick— Twenty plain and then decrease. He was brave—well, so was I— Keen and merry, but his lip Quivered when he said good-by— Purl the seam-stitch, purl and slip.

Never used to living rough, Lots of things he'd got to learn; Wonder if he's warm enough— Knit 2, catch 2, knit 1, turn. Hark! the paper-boys again! Wish that shout could be suppressed; Keeps one always on the strain— Knit off 9, slip the rest.

Wonder if he's fighting now, What he's done an' where he's been; He'll come out on top, somehow— Slip 1, knit 2, purl 14. —JESSIE POPE.

Non-Combatant

Before one drop of angry blood was shed I was sore hurt and beaten to my knee; Before one fighting man reeled back and died

The War-Lords struck at me They struck me down—an idle, useless mouth, As cumbrous—nay, more cumbrous— than the dead,

With life and heart afire to give and give I take a dole instead.

With life and heart afire to give and give I take and eat the bread of charity, In all the length of all this eager land, No man has need of me.

That is my hurt—my burning, beating wound; That is the spear-thrust driven thru my pride!

What aimless hands, and mouth that must be fed, I wait and stand aside.

Let me endure it, then, with stiffened lip: I, even I, have suffered in the strife! Let me endure it then—I give my pride Where others give a life.

—CICELY HAMILTON

'Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, And their spears into pruning hooks.

ALUMNI NOTES

Both the faculty and students were grieved to hear of the recent death of Mr. John Watson, who was among the great men sent out from Mars Hill College. Mr. Watson's home was at Burnsville, N. C., and he was a representative to the legislature in 1927 and 1928.

Mr. R. L. Tolbert, Barrett, W. Va., was graduated from the high school department last year. Recently the sum of \$25.00 to go on the endowment was received from Mr. Tolbert.

Among the additions to the faculty of the University of New Hampshire for 1929-30 is Dr. H. G. Duncan as associate professor of economics and sociology. Dr. Duncan has the following degrees: A.B., Wake Forest, B.S. and Th.M., Brozer Theological Seminary, Th.D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and A.M. and Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania.

Rev. J. A. Hunnicutt, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Mt. Gilthead, was recently re-elected clerk of the Montgomery Association.

Mr. W. L. Griggs, pastor of the Ninth Avenue Church, Charlotte, has recently closed a meeting in his church which he says was one of the finest meetings he has ever held.

WHEN YOU THINK OF PHOTOGRAPHS THINK OF THE HOWARD STUDIO Best Work at Popular Prices 31-1-2 Patton Avenue. ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Mr. A. R. Waters is field worker for the Tar River Association, N. C. He has been in B.Y.F. Sunday school work since graduated in 1924.

Miss Aleta Baker and Miss Belle Nichols are at the School, Louisville, Kentucky

The new superintendent of school in Mars Hill Baptist is Mr. N. S. Whitaker. The of the community are looking forward to great work from Mr. aker.

The pastor of the First Church of Knoxville, Dr. F. F. has recently written a book he discusses "This Is My World," "Co-operative" and several other important. The book is worth its weight

Mr. Paul Cooper is principal of Afton-Elberon consolidated Warrenton, N. C.

Mr. S. G. Chappell is agent of the Pilot Life Company, Greensboro, N. C. Chappell is at Shelby, N. C.

Mars Hill was sorry to lose citizen in the person of Rev. M. Stroup, who is now doing in the Alexis Baptist Church N. C.

Mr. Norvell Satterfield is and treasurer of the Gr Building and Loan Company. Dorothy Satterfield is working an insurance company.

Oak Hill high school, Leno is very fortunate in having its faculty members Mr. and M. Abernathy, both former students. Mr. Abernathy is of the high school and is doing excellent work. Mr. Abernathy was principal of the Collettsville high for four years, and he left that is a credit to any man.

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