

THE HILLTOP

A Gem in the Emerald Ring of the Hills.—BATTLE

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REPORTORIAL

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SPEAKING OF CONFINEMENT

There was a time away back when men were men and girls were girls. The old maid aunt was the chaperone for her young niece on all occasions. "This is modest, and that is not," were the words of the elderly one. Nothing was ever done without the sanction of the elderly ones.

It seems that the old days are coming back; that is, for the girls of our campus. Take them as an example of confinement. No wonder they return from a week-end at home with a feeling of sadness in their hearts. If I were returning from home to a place of confinement I would be slightly sorrowful myself. And who wouldn't? No, there are no prison walls surrounding the campus, but rules are rules. One does not have to have a vivid imagination to see these rustic walls towering high above the heads of the inmates. It is rather sorrowful to see the daughters of our highly recommended college standing at the foot of the imaginary walls looking out into the realms of would-be happiness and pleasure. In their hearts deeply surging are the following thoughts:

"Outdoor life, we're fond of you,
Under wondrous skies of blue
Where bowers of flowers of every hue
Are blooming, perfuming, every breeze
that stirs the trees.

In winter, too, we find it nice —
Lots of sport with snow and ice.
Health is wealth at any price;
Outdoor life, we're fond of you."

With a unanimous voice the "jeunes gens" beseech you, "Give them liberty or give them a diploma." —D.A.H.

HOLIDAYS AGAIN

There seems to be quite a difference of interpretation of the open forum discussions that have appeared in reference to the holidays that are planned in the calendar. As it now stands there are only ten days given for Christmas and absolutely no other days given at all. Most of the critics of this and most of the students are asking for longer Christmas holidays and extra days on the end of the term. It is the usual opinion that the 23rd of May is rather early to get home anyway. No other schools will be there, the old chums and friends will not be home for ten days or more. Then there is the question of the summer school students who remain over. The summer school can not begin until the other colleges are out anyway, and those who remain over will have to be here for ten days or more, waiting to begin their summer studies. Was it not better as it was last year?

We appreciate the position of the faculty in that it will necessitate some changes in the plans for the commencement program, but we believe that it is not asking too much to ask for two or three extra days' Christmas vacation. Many of the students who have no cuts will take those days anyway. Several members of the faculty have expressed themselves as not being opposed to more holidays; so why not have a meeting, find out the will of the students, and then try to co-operate with the faculty and obtain something that will be of the best for both?

We are sure that the faculty will appreciate this statement of what most of the students want, and we offer it, not as an argument for holidays, but simply as an expression of the student mind as far as we can ascertain, an aim that lies ever uppermost with The Hilltop.

A PHI-EU GAME?

Recently some of the students have become rather interested in a Phi-Eu football game. I do not know the number of players in either society, but if there are enough it seems there could be as much true sportsmanship manifested on the field as there is when a forensic contest is held. There is a friendly rivalry between the societies in everything attempted. If the above mentioned football game should happen to be played, surely there is not one in school, especially those who are members of a society, who would not go to the game and back up the team from his society or from his or her brother society. Someone said that it would not show the true society spirit. Isn't there a friendly feeling between the Mars Hill team and other teams who come here to play? Then could there not be that friendliness manifested between society teams? —F.P.J.

OPEN FORUM

Let's Break a Tradition

Traditions may be looked at in different ways. To me a tradition is an unwritten law. Some laws are good and some are bad and so it is with traditions. Some had far better never have been thought of than applied to some cases. It is a tradition of Mars Hill College to never vary from the Calendar given in the catalogue. This Calendar was made of course after much fore-thought and consideration, but that is no reason why it should not be changed.

This Calendar says that we start to school on Sept. 11, which we did. It says that we will get out on Friday afternoon, Dec. 20th at three o'clock and come back to Mars Hill and be prepared to meet classes eight-thirty, Tuesday morning, Dec. 31. This means that about 60 per centage of the students will get home in the afternoon of the 21st of Dec. and start back on the morning of Dec. 30th, giving us eight days at home. This is probably the shortest time given any school in the state for Christmas Holidays.

Three years ago the student body objected to coming back the last day of December and the faculty said that they couldn't change the calendar that year but would the next. They did it the next year but much to the sorrow of the students they continued to change it again it again the next year and therefore we are due back here on the 31st of Dec.

As it is we have no spring or Easter holidays. We have no Thanksgiving Holidays (this day is not even mentioned on the calendar.) We have no holidays what-so-ever because it breaks into our school work. We see plainly this reason and realize that it is for our own good, but why is it that while we have a break for Christmas we could not have a few more days which would include the New Year's day and night which we all want to spend at home. Most of the schools in the state get out on the 19th of Dec. and come back on the 3rd of January. The schools that are getting this have Thanksgiving Holidays, Easter Holidays, and run from 10 to 12 days less than we do and are the leading four year schools in the state.

We desire to spend New Years Day at home and we do not think that we are overstepping our privileges when we ask for a prompt consideration and answer to this request.

Faculty Members: We ask for your most earnest consideration of this and if at all possible an affirmative reply to this request. We also want it to apply to this year for there are over a hundred of us that will receive nothing but the consolation of knowing that some folks are going to have New Years Day at home if you wait till next year.

—One of next year's "Has-Beens."

Say It

You have a friend—a man, a woman, a boy or a girl. For some reason you love him very much. Have you ever told him? Perhaps he would like to have you

SAY IT.

Your friend has helped you along the way in the days gone by. Gratitude is in your heart. Do not let it lie buried there—

SAY IT.

Some joy comes his way. You rejoice with him. But he will never know it unless you

SAY IT.

An honor comes to him. He wins in the game of life, and you are glad—

SAY IT.

Your friend succeeds in some task which he has undertaken. You feel a grateful pride that he has done it—

SAY IT.

A sorrow comes his way. He may have lost his property. Some of his loved ones may have gone wrong. Disease may have laid its hand on him, taking away the glow of health. You would share the sorrow with him—

SAY IT.

Old age, or perhaps a breakdown in the human machinery, may shut in your friend so that he can no longer fare forth among his fellows. Perhaps the end draws near. In your heart you wish him bon voyage as he nears the sunset gate. A word of kindly sympathy would brighten the way—

SAY IT.

The messenger of death may have knocked at the door and borne away into the unseen world some loved one. A world of sympathy would help to lighten the load and brighten the way—

SAY IT.

A personal word, a telephone call, a postcard, a letter, a telegram, and only a few minutes of time! Silent sympathy! Your own life may be better because of it; but your friend may go to the end of the journey and never know. You may add to the joy; you may lighten the load; you may brighten the way if you only take the time to

SAY IT.
—Bernard W. Spilman.

ARS POETAE

A LITTLE BIRD'S LESSON

I sat by my window one day cold and drear

And looked out at the darkening sky;

I had never a sorrow, nor ever a fear,
For secure in my house was I.

But as I sat restful and happy and warm,

With never a care nor a pain,
A tired little bird flew in from the storm,

All wet and cold with the rain.

He perched, meek and timid, on my big window sill,

In a place warm and dry all the day,
And I put up my pencil and sat very still

For fear I should drive him away.

"Oh, dear little bird" I presently cried,
As a tears tarted sudden and warm,

"You come, cold and shivering, to my window to hide

From the darksome day and the storm.

"Your wee little nest is all torn and gone,

Your castle is all torn away,
And you're out in the big wide world alone

With ne'er a warm place to stay.

"O dear little birdie, all cold and wet,
I'm sorry for you in the rain;

But you've taught me a lesson I shall not forget

Through all of life's gladness and pain."

He was just a small bird, a sparrow, that's all,

A tiny wee thing of the air;
But even a sparrow never shall fall

Without His knowledge and care.

Some day, like the bird that has lost his nest,

I too may a wanderer be,
With home nor shelter nor bed for rest,

Nor e'en a kind word for me.

And then, like the bird in the cold and the gloom,

Like the Man of Galilee,
I'll remember that in my Father's home

There is waiting a place for me.
D. L. S.

Mrs. Sallie W. Pittard

In the passing of Mrs. Sallie W. Pittard last Saturday evening the college and community lost a true friend. At the time of her death she was residing with her daughter, Mrs. R. M. Lee, with whom she had been living for the past three years. Mrs. Pittard was an inspiration to all who knew her, and her going is a sorrow to all. Mrs. Pittard is survived by the following children: Mrs. R. M. Lee, Mars Hill; and four sons, B. W. Pittard, Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. L. Pittard, Clarkesville, Va.; D. G. Pittard, Norfolk, Va., and J. S. Pittard, Raleigh, N. C. The body was laid to rest in the family burial ground by the side of her husband near Nelson, Va.

Will It Happen

One night, not so long ago, I was in a very exciting ball game at noon when excitement and enthusiasm were running riot, much enthusiasm that some boys forgot to ask for a date.

As usual the girls gathered in the sun parlor after supper. They were to be entertained with Remus stories by Dr. Spilman. Some of them did not have dates. One bit one greatly disturbed and came rushing out and said she was not allowed to date until she was "signed up" during the next recess hour. She added, "I tressed: 'And how am I going to get a date?' she signed up after supper. She became afraid and quiet. She made dates at supper. She therefore when the bell rang the young gentlemen came down the street to Spilman, many disappointed at being unable to get their girls there.

It was very amusing to see the background and careful expressions of disgust and some of the countenances that they were at. They turned and quickly left. It is hoped by some of the girls that they were so embarrassed that they went straight to their rooms and social regulations again, but they had failed to do so. It is wise to add now a part of the suggestions. Dates are made twice a week, to last a week. And the suggestion is to add: "A date at any time except the picture show."

"A hint to the wise is not taken." So ASK FOR YOUR DATE AT 5:00 o'clock and there will be no embarrassment on the girls being refused dates. Having to leave Spilman's parlor with whom he can't go.

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