

# THE HILLTOP

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

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## The Vanity of Morals

By J. Nelson Jarrett.

(In next issue: Convictions.)

Practically no person, who is at all identified with the geneology of morals, can deny (supposing of course that he is truthful even with himself) that there is not a scrupulosity in them that approaches vanity.

Surely "moral principles require reasoning and discourse to discover the certainty of their truths; they lie not open as natural characters engraved on the mind."

After having learned something of morality I am convinced that a person must watch his step ere he too slip and fall into the ignominious pit of natural circumstance.

Lest my interpretation of this morality be misconstrued, permit me to digress here in order to say that I do not believe, yea, I deny that these standards of morality can be maintained without devout religious doctrines. As Washington said, "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that natural morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

Ask yourself who has the privilege and the jurisdiction of telling what is right and what is wrong. It is true that events are controlled by the votes of the majority. The capitalists, the bankers, the bosses, and the selfish men dictate to us. They obey because we have to obey. That does not mean, however, that we are convinced. In other words, "it is possible for us in time of peace and security to exist agreeably—somewhat incoherently, perhaps, but without conclusions." We live under said conditions because every one else does, and because the present standards demand it. Lest I be branded as an extreme radical I will just mention the next thought and let the reader, who is obeying these dictations, draw his own conclusions. Is it possible, or in any degree probable, that the above stated conditions, through our own myopia, might cause our ultimate destruction?

Each day you are in the habit of doing certain things and of obeying certain laws that you consider legitimate. Did you ever stop, however, to think of the evolution of that particular habit or law? If you are doubtful concerning a particular standard of morality, take a questioning attitude toward it and you will come forth from your inquiry convinced of the particular value of that standard or of defying and denying its significance.

I have made the assertion that this natural standard of morality can not be maintained unless certain religious principles dominate. Then it is for us as an enlightened and God fearing people to demand and to determine whether these standards contain evils and to deny them instead of shielding them.

## Shall We Improve Our Penmanship?

We are not inclined to believe that Mars Hill students are more lacking in penmanship than students of other schools, but we do plead guilty to the charges we hear made against many of us. Many papers are handed to our teachers which put them to a great inconvenience to pick out the content. No wonder they insist that our papers

be written in a legible hand. A neatly written paper is more easily read and with greater rapidity than one scrawled over the pages.

There's no use trying to place the blame on former teachers and schools. It is a matter of serious nature and should be corrected before we go further. We can, if we are so a mind, purchase a Zaner Writing Book from T. L. Bramlett and Co., and get many crooks out of our letters, but this is not the way we usually go about things. Why not some teacher or teachers rise up and teach a course in penmanship? It is not too late for many of the seniors to advance in penmanship. Mr. Stringfield teaches that "to every stimulus there is a response," and it seems that the student body is lacking, yea longing for a stimulation for better writing. It might be an advantage to cut some lectures short, or curtail the number of pages for parallel reading in order to give place to this very important and much neglected subject. We observe good English week once a year, why not better penmanship week? It might not be out of order to add spelling also. When we are out of school or write to any one who does not know us, that person will certainly judge us by our spelling and penmanship and not by the number of hours we have patiently, or otherwise, listened to lectures, nor by the number of hurriedly read pages as parallel. Some of us believe that it ought to be a requirement by the State Department of Certification that every teacher should hold a penmanship diploma.

Will they who have us in charge furnish the stimulus? Fellow students, if the stimulus is felt let us respond.

—Mrs. C. L. Weston.

## Dormitory Conditions

A dormitory, as Mr. Webster defines it, is a sleeping room, or a building which contains many, or a few rooms. A gymnasium, as Mr. Webster defines it, is a place or a building for athletic exercise. Mr. Webster does not give any statutory rules governing either of these places, thus we conclude that he thought it best for local authorities to make such rules as are necessary.

Even though this has been done it is no proof that all the games are played in the gymnasium, or that the dormitories are sufficiently quiet for studying and sleeping purposes.

A stranger on entering one of our dormitories might think he was entering a gymnasium, the practice department of a music building, or even the live stock department of a fair ground. Probably one of the first things that this stranger would see on entering the dormitory would be a group of students taking their much-needed daily dozen. After having been knocked down a couple of times by ambitious "leap-frogers" he is finally able to get as far down as the assembly hall. There he finds several young pugilists engaged in a bloody battle surrounded by a crowd of yelling spectators. If he is able to journey much farther down the hall the melodious voice of some love-inspired Caruso reaches his ear. This voice reminds him more of some savage suffering intense agony than that of a civilized human being. The same visitor by this time is beginning to wonder what kind of a menagerie this is in any way. After having just escaped

the shot of a well aimed bucket of water he begins to look for an exit, but before he finds an unbarred door the voice of a yodler reaches his ear. This climaxes his visit, and he begins to search for the drug store or some place where he may get something to relieve his nerves.

Every normal person favors exercise, music practice, and a reasonable amount of humor, provided it is in the right place. Also, we take it for granted that the college officials do, otherwise we wouldn't have the respective places for such—the gymnasium, the music building, and the college auditorium.

The fact that we have these different places for development on the campus does not relieve the situation. It only leads to the question of how we may have the students use them instead of the dormitory.

It is known by all that at the beginning of school last September there was a council elected by the student body for the purpose of making and enforcing rules, but since the conduct in the dormitories has been so scandalous we are inclined to think a number of things: such as are the councilmen incompetent; do they think they were elected merely for the honor of it; or are they so deeply entangled themselves that they can not afford to say anything?

We have our gymnasium for gymnastic exercises, the music building for musical practice, and if necessary we should drive all braying stock back to the farm.

Why not make and post rules in regard to using the dormitory for gymnastic exercises, practicing on any musical instrument in the dormitory, and unnecessary vocal noises (such as yodling and braying up and down the halls?) Still there is something equally as important as making rules. It is backbone to enforce them after they are made.

The councilmen have the authority vested in them by the student body and are backed by the faculty and executive committee. So let's make an effort to have better order.

(Signed) A Student Deserving Better Order.

## DR. ECKHARDT APPEARS BEFORE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

(Continued on Page 2)

capital; the Poles are in conflict with the Southern Russians; Silesia is divided into two parts. And the cause of all this is that the minorities have been neglected. In many cases the minorities constitute almost a majority, but as they are unorganized they accomplish little. There are all types of minorities—economic, religious, etc. The economic depression has been caused by the unwise junction of countries which have the same industries. As there is no place to unload their produce, and due to the many tariff duties imposed on transported goods, there must be an attendance decline of industry, which in its turn causes depopulation. In the midst of the financial depression in many nations education is rapidly on the decline, so that all the education the average child may obtain is merely what his parents may teach him. All this trouble has been caused by the neglect of minorities. If eastern Europe wishes to avoid the horror of another war it must be by the mutual consent of the nations—by a conference of reform. Unless the present system be changed a war is imminent.

Mr. Robert Lathan, editor of the Asheville Citizen, accompanied Dr. Eckhardt to Mars Hill and introduced the speaker.

Dr. Eckhardt's lectures at Mars Hill was made possible by the Carnegie Endowment of International Peace, which assumed all expenses for his trip to Mars Hill. He was secured through the Carnegie Foundation to make a lecture to the International Relations Clubs in the various colleges.

Mars Hill is the only junior college in the South having an International Relations Club. Memberships may be obtained through high scholastic attainment, general leadership qualities, and interest in the social sciences particularly. This club, in training the members concerning the proper relationships of nations to one another, hopes to make better citizens of its members.

## ARS POETAE

### A Valentine

At Valentine when lovers sing  
And to the winds their chantings fling,  
Methinks it not at all amiss  
To beg your time for reading this.  
Many a verse and many a rhyme  
Have tried to tell this tale sublime,  
And many poets time have spent;  
They say but naught; they then repent  
Because the words they say are dead,  
And only hint what they wish said.

I cannot hope to match their art;  
Like they I can not tell a part,  
Or even hope to make you see  
How much my love for you can be;  
But be it as it is, 'tis well;  
Perhaps 'tis best I cannot tell,  
For what is told is ne'er so prized  
As that untold or undevised.

Some words can bring a gracious thing,  
Yet loftiest things they dare not sing.  
'Tis best that silence should possess  
The things that words cannot express;  
And likewise silence can say more  
Than all the words one can implore.  
Ah well, then let me not proceed  
With ink of black and feathered reed,  
But let me tell you what to do  
To learn the things I wish you knew.  
For practice let me beg you take  
A tramp around some shady lake,  
To rest yourself from turmoil's care,  
To hear the birds which skim the air—  
These little feathered friends of man  
Who fly and play in every land,  
Who think in paradise they are  
As they flit to and from afar.  
Who ever know what 'tis to love,  
Could make you feel as from above  
The thing I hope they make you see—  
About how much my love can be.

When from the birds you've heard the song  
Let day depart, 'twill not be long,  
And let the mellow, golden light  
Beam through the trees, and chase the night  
As Luna peers from o'er the hill  
To light the world which rests so still.  
You watch her as her glittering eye  
Shines forth as though it were on fire;  
And try to understand her gleam  
Because my love in it is seen.  
The thing I hope they make you see  
Is just how much my love can be.

Now let the flowers of the field  
Their perfumes to your nostrils yield,  
As to the meadows you repair  
To pluck these precious things so fair;  
These pearls that glisten o'er the plain  
And form a never-ending chain.  
You watch them as they dance around  
And whisper low a soft sweet sound;  
You catch the fragrance as it blows;  
'Tis but my love that to you goes  
The thing I hope they make you see  
Is just how much my love can be.

Now after you have heard the birds  
And seen the moon and smelled the flowers;  
Combine their messages in one  
And from this one I hope you'll see  
How much my love for you can be.  
—C. A. Maddry, '28.

### Lillie, Sweet Lill

I am thinking today  
Of the long, long ago  
Of Mary, Joseph, and Bill  
Who attended the school  
And broke every rule  
By courting here at Mars Hill.  
I remember one lass  
So sweet and so fair,  
Whose eyes were hazel brown.  
And I was her beau  
In the long, long ago,  
And she was the belle of the town.  
This maiden so charming,  
So erudite, too,  
Whose name was Lillie, sweet Lill.  
I'll never forget her  
Though oft I greet her  
This charming sweet maid of Mars Hill.  
Though many rare memories  
So charming and sweet  
Through the years have attended  
Mars Hill  
There never can be  
One fairer to me  
Than this beautiful maiden, Sweet Lill.  
But the years pass along  
And bring us old age,  
Who've broken rules at Mars Hill,  
But never I yet  
Have had a regret

Nor neither has Lillie,  
—Robert Fr.

Mr. Jarrett, who is a student of Mars Hill, spoke of the college some He read several of his latest of which was "Lillie." This poem was written occasion, thirty years after school here. Mr. Jarrett, home in Jackson County, has charge of a hotel in D.

The poetry of Mr. Jarrett is peculiarly interesting, the things all know about, nature, and the one every day are his poems. He has also written titled Ockaneedee.

The poem "Lillie, Sweet" never been published before, leaving the campus Mr. Jarrett kindly offered to let the lish it.

## HUMOR

### THE LION

The lion is the King of beasts  
On lesser animals he feeds  
Impressing them with his roar  
Not unlike a Senator.  
Kings are pretty much like him  
They wear a crown—  
And ermine shirts and  
Lest we forget that the  
Again there is the Social  
The kind the Smart Set  
on:  
Poets, playwrights, psalmists  
Who, too, should safeguard  
cages.

—George

Learning to run an air  
like falling off a log, only

Thief: "I hope you will  
with me, your honor. I  
many dependent upon my  
support."

Magistrate: "Children  
Thief: "No, your honor  
tives."—Blackpool Times

And nowadays you hear  
stunting in airplanes, in  
outside loops and upside  
ing and all that, but a  
stunt in aviation is to  
landing.—That's Judge

### Mad About Her

I was eating a rosy-red  
night,  
When up stepped a sweet  
And said in the softest  
me a bite."

Good Gawd, you should  
her!

Poet: "Dash it, the ball  
thrown that lost sonnet  
fire."  
His wife: "Don't be so  
ard. The little dear came  
—Answers.

### Sign to Go Up on the Notice

No bicycles, roller skates,  
coaster-wagons, or velocipedes  
on this campus.

John Chiles: "I'd die  
deaths for you."

Kat: "Oh, I assure you  
suit me perfectly."

Sometimes I sit and  
raging ocean and marvel  
water there is for a thin  
bathing cap to keep out.

In a new talkie film  
one woman in the cast  
ample to justify the ch  
a talkie film.—London

A California minister  
couple in sixty seconds  
quicker than falling on  
plane.—Duluth Herald.

The Senate has ordered  
investigation of the pro  
tion. Sweeping won't do  
need is a mop.

Butler: "Bill was  
night."  
Edna: "What! Broke

M. Green: "Do you think  
learn to love me?"  
Andy Fox: "I might  
culus once."

Crip's motto: Better