

# THE HILLTOP

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

Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, February 20, 1926.

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association.

## STAFF

W. C. CAPEL, Editor		JAMES CHERRY and H. E. YARBOURGH, Athletic
PEARLE JUSTICE, Associate Editor		D. L. STEWART, Poetry
DeFOREST HASTY, Associate Editor		MACK MOORE, Alumni
PEARLE JUSTICE, Society		
<b>MANAGERIAL</b>		
A. B. PARKER Business Manager		
THOMAS L. DYSARD Assistant Business Manager		
FRANK DALE Circulation Manager		
JAMES CHERRY Exchange Manager		

## REPORTORIAL

Frank Dale	Boyd Brown	Ray Tolbert	Sam Rich
------------	------------	-------------	----------

VOL. 1V. MARS HILL, N. C. FEBRUARY 27, 1930 NO. 11

## Should We Not Co-operate With the Faculty?

The members of the faculty of Mars Hill College realize the place we students are in, and they know what is best for us under our circumstances. They have all been along the same road and have learned by experience the things that are most helpful and those that are most harmful to us. They know that for us to pour over books all of the time is not human nature. We must have some outside recreation in order not to grow one-sided in our thinking. Yet we must not spend all of our time in play and fun-making.

The rules that we have were made with these things in view. They are all for our benefit. They are to prepare us for a life in the future that will be of the most benefit to us and our fellow men. The rules are not made to spite us or anything like that.

The faculty is willing to cooperate with us in every way possible. They are always glad for suggestions. They do not want us to feel that they are trying to run things over us. They want to work out with us the best solutions of the problems that arise in our life here. A good example of this is seen in the attitude taken by the Dean in the matter of radios, talking machines, and card playing in the boys' dormitories. He did not say that one must not play different games in the dormitories nor that he must not keep musical instruments, but realizing the need for recreation, ordered several games to be placed in the assembly halls where all may enjoy them and permitted the use of musical instruments there also.

By these things we see that the members of the faculty are willing to grant our wishes when they are just. If they are willing to co-operate with us, then ought we not be willing to co-operate with them? Ought we not to obey the rules set down for us or go where these rules do not apply? Although we see no harm in doing a certain thing, if there is a rule against it, ought we go ahead and do it when there may be some one watching us who would be harmed by doing this same thing?

—Kayle Lee.

## Mars Hill Now

Someone has aptly said that we should squeeze out of each moment all the happiness there is in it before letting it go. What better thought could be passed on to the students of Mars Hill College than that they get the most out of every minute—now!

A great number of students are so in love with the glowing yesterdays and the promising tomorrows of their lives that they fail to become interested in the todays of their lives. One thing can certainly be said in behalf of a successful business man and that is that no matter what the condition of his financial affairs may be, he is always found on his feet. He lives now! He uses the reverses as well as the successes in his business to advantage. This, however, cannot be said of the great many students of our college.

Of course they are eager to have events happen in their lives, but they fail many times to get the experiences they should receive from those events. Each event in a student's life should have its own helpful effect upon him or her. Each student so wants to have great happenings in his life he forgets to be happy in the meantime.

The student who gets the most out of life today is the one who stays "happy in spite." The most popular person on Mars Hill College campus is the person who always has a smile for everyone and enjoys life now. It is a known fact that one happy person means more to our college than a dozen grumblers ever could.

Grumblers never look higher than the stones in the streets. They can easily find fault with the food, people and even the buildings of the institution. Instead of looking for the beautiful scenery which surrounds the college, they are prone to find something wrong with the buildings.

A good motto for the students at this college, to learn and practice is "Nobody whines at Mars Hill College." Then they will be able to squeeze from each moment every drop of happiness it has for them today.

—Margaret Allen.

## COLLEGE B. Y. P. U.

By Zara Riddle.

Of all the religious organizations on this campus there is not one that is more important than the Baptist Young People's Union. The opportunities offered for the development for every phase of the Christian life are not to be found in any other organization.

The ten unions on Mars Hill campus seek not to train numbers but the individuals who will comprise the church membership.

Probably the question may be asked, Why have the B. Y. P. U. when we have the Sunday School Y. W. A., Minister's Conference, and Volunteer Band? The answer is simple. The Sunday School purposes to teach the Bible; Y. W. A. teaches young women in missions; the Volunntter Band is for those who have been called for special service; and the Minister's Conference is for the ministerial students in our college. Now where shall we train the average Christian girl and boy? There must be something offered to train them in Christian service. The B. Y. P. U. solves the problem. From this organization comes our pastors, our missionaries, Christian leaders, and personal workers. Here we get material for our Volunteer Band and Minister's Conference.

The B. Y. P. U. goes beyond its task of training in church membership. It brings one face to face with the needs of the world, and makes him yearn to use the talent that God has given him.

Every student on the campus should be affiliated with one of the ten unions. There is a place for every student to fill. There are many latent talents in this school. The B. Y. P. U. will bring these out. Many students will find the task at which they can work unwearied, and their lives will blossom and unfold in the sunlight of God's love.

## Stranger Than Fiction

- The Day of Daze*—May 23, 1930.
- In the Time of Terror*—January 13-18.
- A Comedy of Errors*—Greek Exam.
- The Valley of Silent Men*—Married Men Teachers.
- Love's Labor Lost*—An old maid teacher.
- Freckles*—
- The Amateur Gentleman*—Snowy Lingerfelt.
- The Steadfast Tin Soldier*—Paul Fox.
- The Scarlet Letter*—Report Cards.
- The Last Lesson*—Two o'clock period.
- Twice-told Tales*—Teacher's jokes.
- Much Ado About Nothing*—The Nun's Priest Tale.
- Les Miserables*—Pupils who failed.
- The Crisis*—Final average of 74.
- All Quiet on the Western Front*—The Study Hour.
- Dante's Divine Comedy*—Soupline.
- In the Palace of the King*—Dean Carr's Office.
- A Little City of Hope*—Mars Hill.
- Adventures in Understanding*—Appearance before executive committee.
- Soldiers of Fortune*—Cost of Marching Men.
- Adventures in Friendship*—Lady faculty members.
- Defenseless America*—Student Body.
- A Window in Thrums*—Front room of Infirmary.
- The Old Curiosity Shop*—Bulletin Board after delinquent lists are posted.
- The Tempest*—Twelve-o'clock-bell.
- Ninety-three*—Freshman's expectations.
- Sentimental Tommy*—Tom Dysard.
- The Singing Fool*—Ray O'Brian.
- The Mysterious Rider*—Nash.
- The Top of the World*—Bailey.
- The Unknown Quantity*—Soup.
- Red Pepper Burns*—A. T. Usher.
- Mrs. Red Pepper*—Patty Moore.
- A Bitter Heritage*—C-II Privileges.
- Moon Madness*—Daddy Blackwell.
- Something for Nothing*—Paul Hundley's Biology Paper.
- We All Live Through It*—Commencement.
- The Enchanted Hill*—Little Mountain.
- Never the Twain Shall Meet*—Two sides of auditorium.
- Forlorn River*—Cascades.
- They Also Serve*—Diningroom girls.
- The Black Knight*—Faculty meeting.
- Lights Out*—10:30.
- The Bobsey Twins*—Mull girls.
- Land of the Free*—Melrose and Brown.
- The Magic Garden*—Faculty Reception.
- Paradise Lost*—Delinquent list.
- Paradise Regained*—Dates for ball game.
- The Virginians*—M. V. Cousins and Elizabeth Smith.
- Man and the Moment*—Mr. England.
- Inu of the Hawk and Raven*—Stewart's Cabin.
- My Best Girl*—Miss Allen.
- Huckleberry Finn*—W. O. Rasser.
- Patent Leather Kid*—Ned Jarrett.
- In Memoriam*—Plemmons, Sprinkle, Felmet, Hayes.

—By RUTH COOPER.

## Remembering Those Who Are Gone

By Ruth Cooper

Among the many sacred treasures of the mind there is none more beautiful than the memory of our departed dead. We know not where they have gone; we know not what may be their fate in that land from which no traveler has ever returned. We stretch out our arms to them, sometimes with sad resignations, knowing that it was for the best, sometimes with bitter agony, sometimes with a remorse that gnaws our very hearts. But loud as may be our cry, passionate as may be our appeals, no answering voice comes to us from across the darkness. We do not know whether they hear our supplications, whether they are conscious of the love and longing that fill our hearts; yet we love to think of them and rejoice in the thought that one day we shall again clasp them to our breast.

And who can say that the frightful war which a few years ago devastated the world and brought to men more grief and pain and agony than was ever before heaped upon the human heart has not caused a great awakening of faith? So many hearts were broken; so many arms were stretched out in agonized appeal to the dead ones who were snatched away in the frenzy of battle or two perished of starvation and misery. The yearning for the pressure of the varnished hand, for the kiss of the lips that are cold, has become so overwhelming that the hearts of men have turned as seldom before to the hope of life beyond the grave and of some means of communication with the beloved dead. Great scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge in the intensity of their yearnings have convinced themselves that they are able to hold converse with the beloved ones who have passed away. Many books have been written by those that have messages from the other world or think that they have had. In all these books there is a strange similarity. They all tell the same story that the dead have gone off into some distant land of bliss or woe, but that they are near at hand, watching over their loved ones with an undying affection, rejoicing in their happiness and sharing in their griefs. We do not believe this but we should cherish the memory of those who gave their lives on the battlefields.

Unfortunately we too often fail to let our friends know how much we love them until it is too late and the hand of death has closed their ears to our voice of love. We have loved them all along; but when they have passed away, how often we reproach ourselves for kind words we failed to utter when we had the opportunity for gentle thoughts that remained unexpressed. Absorbed in business or study or in social affairs, we let the days slip by without letting the heart of our friend, which is starving for a kind word, realize the depth and seriousness of our love. Then when the

cold hand of death has been laid on his heart we comprehend how remiss we have been, how loving deeds we have intended done have been left undone, how loving words have remained unspoken. For those who are dead we can do nothing save to cherish their virtues and their charms and to regret their faults that troubled us but which were after all of such moment.

We should live much with the memory of the dead. They should be with us often, walking in our vigil. They should not be forgotten because they are dead away. Perhaps our friends are of our loving thoughts; perhaps affection brings them joy or comfort as it did in life. At any rate it is for our own souls. Base is the man who forgets his friends, living or dead. 'Tis the dead who should be sacred. Our living friends may be estranged or unworthy, but they can never change. The memory of our loving kindness should be a sacred treasure guarded in the inmost shrine of our hearts.

But while we should cherish the memory of the dead we should not mourn for them overmuch. We must not to the first irresistible shock of mourning. If there is a life beyond the grave, we know that our friends are in a better place. If death is eternal sleep, then they are at rest. We find a friend peacefully sleeping, and we do not disturb him, recognizing that sleep is a precious thing and if the sleep of the living is so, then the eternal sleep of the dead is a thing of grief. Immoderate mourning for the dead is but a form of selfishness. We are not mourning for ourselves. The love that we have for our friends is the assurance that we are either in a better world or at peace. Our mourning is for the loss in being deprived of their companionship; and in going to this selfish sorrow, we forget our duty to make happy. So under the delusion that we can be comforted by the memory of the beloved dead without agony. For such an idea there is no room. We should think much of our living friends, and without vain regrets for their loss. Rather we should work with them by attempting to carry on the work which they have started. Our energy trying to make our lives beautiful for those whom God has spared to us.

"The ideal life is in our hands. It never will be still. We feel that we ought to be beating beneath the wings of the angels."—Phillips Brooks.

## BUILDERS SUPPLY CO.

Lumber and Building Supplies

WE SUPPLY EVERYTHING THAT GOES INTO THE CONSTRUCTION OF ANY KIND OF BUILDING.

J. MORGAN RAMSDELL  
Manager,  
MARSHALL, N. C.

## TINGLE'S CAFE

For many years a favorite of the Mars Hill Boys.

WHEN IN ASHEVILLE COME HERE FIRST

Quick Service  
LOW PRICES.