

# THE HILLTOP

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

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REPORTORIAL  
Frank Dale, Boyd Brown, Ray Tolbert, Sam Rich

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## Bring a Corral

It has been noticed in the last few weeks that some bipeds in the form of men have been showing their kinship to that long-eared chapin of the horse (with due apologies to the ass) by coming to chapel only to make a sneaking exit via the window during prayer. Others at a safe distance from the front show the same characteristics by throwing hymn books or paper wads, by cat-calling, and talking and laughing while a speaker is on the floor and during prayer. Those who have no respect for themselves, the speakers, or God should at least respect others enough to allow them to enjoy that which falls on the ears of the disturbers like water on a duck's back. If such braying mammals would act like gentlemen or stay away from chapel the earnest students would greatly appreciate it. —An earnest student.

## B. Y. P. U.

Are we as students of Mars Hill College developing ourselves into well-rounded young men and women? If not, why? We can blame no one but ourselves. The opportunity stands waiting for us. May we not turn a deaf ear.

I know of no better place in which we may develop that spiritual part of us than in the B. Y. P. U. Some will say that it's nice to sleep on Sunday afternoons. Well, what if it is? Others even go so far as to say that they must study at that time. We are God's husbandmen and He requires the tenth, not only of our money but of our time. Will we rob God?

Some of us have not yet realized the benefits of the B. Y. P. U. If we could only awaken to this realization and ally ourselves with one of the ten splendid Unions here on the campus, Mars Hill would be an entirely new place. Examine yourself, examine the B. Y. P. U.'s, and if they are not what you would like to see them get in one and help make it what you would call an ideal B. Y. P. U. I am asking you to join B. Y. P. U. for two reasons: the first is that we need you and you can't help us on the outside; the second is that you need the training. If you do not see it now you may realize it when it's too late.

## Sponsors

Words fail us when we attempt to express just how much our sponsors have meant to us this year. Our class boasts rather a large number, so large that it would be impossible for us to successfully accomplish anything without the guiding hands of those who have so willingly and lovingly helped us.

Some of us have known Mr. Blackwell for two years and those of us who came in and joined the Senior class this year have already found that all the praises bestowed on him by former students are true. Mr. Blackwell always has a friendly smile to greet those whom he meets and he just knows how to solve problems for us that we could not do for ourselves. He is loved by all on the campus and is a help and inspiration to everyone, but especially to the Seniors!

Miss Coon came to us this year, but she has long ago "sung" herself into our hearts, and as a sponsor she has been all that anyone could be. Original, thoughtful, jolly, lovable—Miss Coon is all this and more! Every Senior can testify to her ability as a hostess, too, for she entertained us so delightfully not long ago.

There have been several socials, parties, and outings of various kinds that have been seasons of enjoyment to the Seniors, and our sponsors have made these possible. They have always been back of us in everything we've planned and attempted, and have given helpful suggestions which we have appreciated.

Too much cannot be said in love and appreciation of what our sponsors have meant to us this year, and we think the Senior class of next year will be fortunate if they succeed in getting sponsors like ours.

## Thank God for Friends

Thank God for friends! Each one his place  
Holds in my life, a part of me!  
Each one inspires to something true  
And makes me strive my best to be.  
  
I could not part with any one  
Since parting would take part of me,  
And so I hold them to my heart;  
Their glory in my life you'll see.  
  
And as I think of friends God gives,  
Of what He means to you and me.

*I think He meant for us to see  
Through them a clearer vision true  
  
How through the lovely pattern woven  
Of all our friendships loyal and true,  
We each may catch a glimpse of Heaven  
Through every dark cloud shining through.  
  
How this same pattern also pictures  
Clearly and truly the Friend Supreme;  
Who never fails us, never leaves us,  
His friendship fulfills our every dream!*  
—ZULA EVELYN COON.

## How Nice 'Twould Be

*How nice 'twould be if knowledge grew  
On bushes as the berries do;  
Then we would plant our spelling seed,  
And gather all the words we need.  
And sum for off our slates would wipe  
And wait for figures to be ripe,  
And go into the fields and pick  
Whole bushels of arithmetic.  
Or, if we wished to learn Chinese,  
We'd just go out and shake the trees.  
And grammar then in all our towns  
Would grow with proper verbs and nouns.  
  
And in the garden there would be  
Great bunches of geography.  
And all the passers-by would stop,  
And marvel at the knowledge crop.*  
—Exchange.

## The Privilege Most Enjoyed by the Senior Class

You should have heard several of the members of the class rave about their privileges. I happened to hear several members express their feelings toward one special privilege. The other night I happened to drop in a certain room where there was a conference being held by members often seen around Spilman. To my surprise they were discussing the C-2 soupline. From the way they were talking it must be an extraordinary privilege to be allowed to go. I wish I could talk from experience; but since I have not had the pleasure, I will have to discuss it from another view.

I have stood in my window and looked at cupid's prisoners pass many times, and I see the same couples pass every Sunday. The privilege that they are experiencing is one of much delight. A couple never passes with a long face, but, to the contrary, they are always smiling. I like to see people smile, because it shows that they are happy or at least painting the clouds with sunshine. The thing that makes the C-2 soupline so enjoyable is that the members are free to choose the road they want. If they choose to walk to the cascades or to Little mountain, they have their choice. The Seniors certainly do appreciate the trust put in them, and they appreciate the fact that they are not watched as others are (for instance, those who use the telephone.) This privilege does not give the Seniors the big head, but it does make them think more of the faculty because we thank the faculty for this privilege, but we wish we had more like cause of the trust placed in them. it.

## The Inaudible Call

By Pearle Justice

It comes to one as the new birth of spring is felt. It continually pulls at some intricate yet invisible part of one's being—perhaps the heart or the soul. Unlike the conscience which can become so scarred that it becomes unresponsive to touches, the call is ever present. As early dawn creeps silently through the still night air, the call often arrives and commences its earnest plea. As duties are performed the call is ever present. Even in the slow, monotonous "thud, thud" of the raindrops as they splash, never to be reunited, there is a sort of melancholy note to the gentle persuasion. As the birds twitter and the buds begin to grow red-tipped, there is a light, joyous note in the call. Then at sunset when the western horizon becomes illuminated and the clouds take on an aspect of courtly splendor, regal, celestial wealth, the purple hues blend with the red, yellow, gray, and black, the shades being as folds of unsurpassed beauty, high, high above the eager grasp of the human hand, the call has an appealing, touching, romantic note. In twilight it becomes more evident as it whispers out of the fast darkening shades. It comes as from a distance to persuade and to dissuade. It dissuades us to leave the present; it persuades us to seek the higher, far away hidden truths and mysteries of the one short life. It is ever pulling at our heart strings, and the soft, appealing notes it plays on the harp of our soul are strains that are irresistible. No matter where, when, or how the call comes, its inevitable plea is, "Come! seek the hidden mysteries of truth!"

## GAMES

It is generally known that someone has become very much interested in the boys of Melrose and Brown dormitories. They are so interested, in fact, that they have gone to the trouble to furnish different kinds of games for the amusement of the young men.

The most interesting game is carrom. From 6:30 at night till the "wee am" hours of the morning one may hear the cue balls click. This wholesome recreation is enjoyed by everyone. When four boys are playing two more put in a challenge to play the winners. At times it is as much fun to watch as it is to play oneself.

Some of the boys, as Grant Kennedy and Cooper Gretter, think that they have the championship, but this remained to be shown.

Bill Beal, the woman hater of the campus, seems to be champion in the checker line. He can be found two or three times a day playing with "Angel Boy." It is fine to have at least one angel on the campus, even though he has red hair.

Sam Rich seems to be the only one who knows anything about chess, but his having to remain in bed so much makes it impossible for him to demonstrate his ability to the interested class everyone knows that he would have.

Some of the boys do not appreciate these pleasures. But if one pays particular attention to these boys he will find that they complain not only at this but at everything. It has been said that this group don't even like themselves, to say nothing of what they have to eat, the rules they have to follow, and everything in general.

To the person or persons who made the game boards possible, the boys, as a whole, wish to express their appreciation.

## International Relations Club Has Discussion Involving Germany

The International Relations Club held its regular meeting Tuesday night, March 11, at the home of Mr. Grubbs. A very interesting program was rendered, the general theme being the study of Germany. John Bryant gave a very good and well-prepared talk on "What the War Cost Germany." Mr. Bryant presented startling facts showing that Germany was taxed to the utmost in order to wage the mighty war. This was followed by a paper, "Democracy in Germany," by Edith Roberts. She showed the rise, the decline, and the revival of democracy in that country. Josie Oliver discussed the German school system, contrasting it with the system in the United States. "The New Government of Germany" was discussed by Edna Stroude who gave some very enlightening facts concerning this subject. Pattie Moore portrayed in a vivid way the social conditions in a vivid way, contrasting the pre-war and post-war conditions. The program was concluded by an able discussion of current events by Clarence Mayo. Mr. Mayo showed acquaintance with the events of state, national, and international interest.

An opportunity was given for a round-table discussion of Germany and current events. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy the program.

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