

# 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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## Junior-Senior vs. May Day

Just last week the Junior-Senior banquet was held, girls in evening dresses, boys in their dark suits, all laughing and chattering to the tunes of jazz that poured forth from the orchestra. It was a pleasant evening for all. The class had just elected to give up their plans for an elaborate reception and put the extra two hundred dollars into an endowment. Next week we will have a May Day celebration, gay and colorful to be sure, yet, to the students (and after all, aren't they the ultimate judges?) it will not afford half the memories, romance and thrills of a Junior-Senior. Still, the expenses for May Day will approach at least an average of \$2.50 for every girl in the program. The attendants' clothes cost more nearly twenty than two. The entire cost will be close to three hundred and fifty dollars. This is not a protest against using the money intended for the reception for an endowment; it is merely a little comparison and contrast between two classes of entertainment. Why not be uniform? If we must cut one, why not cut the other? If you must cut only one, why not the less important, namely, May Day?

I would not dare set myself up as a critic, nor as a fault-finder, but the inconsistency is so great I can not in good conscience refrain from mentioning it. —W. C.

## MR. ELLIOTT

We don't understand why one so highly esteemed by all should be taken from us—go from us. It is a thing that often happens, however. In the going of Mr. Elliott to a nearby college—W. C. T. C.—we are losing one who, we believe, will be very hard to replace. Mr. Elliott has instilled something into the life of each one with whom he has come in contact that has made that one strive to live a purer, nobler, more real life. Surely those daily lectures in the classroom can never be excelled; surely those who have heard them can never grow away from the ideas and ideals he has instilled into every life. He has not tried to get us to think as he thinks, but as he often says, he tries to teach us how to think.

We greatly envy every student who studies English at W. C. T. C. They are exceedingly lucky to get the man who is leaving us. Even though he won't be far away, he will have gone from our midst. Our memories shall always hold him high above many others, and our lives are going to be more worth-while for having known him.

## "Roaming Romeos"

Saturday afternoon five stalwart youths, down-hearted because of their inability to get a date for a picnic, shouldered their blankets and knapsacks and departed for the wild recesses of the mountains. Amongst this grand and goodly number were no others than the following: Steve Lee, Bill Cox, Earl Lang, Pedro Miller, and De Hasty. Considering bravery, intelligence, and a love for nature, there could, under no circumstances have been a more select group for such an undertaking. They crossed Gabriel's Creek to the west of Mars Hill College, advanced through the valley leading to Murray's Gap, and swinging to the left ascended the heights of Mt. Bailey. At the top thereon they pitched camp and proceeded to prepare the evening meal. The roar of the mountain lion and the hoot of the great owl lent music to the stillness of the great forest. As the night shades began to fall, many thoughts passed through the minds of the campers. I will not attempt to say here just what those thoughts were; however your imagination may assist you. Then a strange thing happened! A new moon rose above the eastern horizon, and quickened the beat of every heart. A flash of romance seemed to fill every bosom, and from the lips of each began to flow poetical lines. I was able to catch the following lines from various individuals:

Under the starlit sky,  
Upon Old Bailey high  
We five gazed upon the beautiful moon  
As it rose from out the deep lagoon—  
As all boys' hearts are prone to do,  
Our thoughts were slightly turned to YOU.  
You are so near, so dear, yet so far away,  
We can hardly wait the break of day.  
As the sun crept forth from the dismal deep  
We awoke from a night of restless sleep  
And traced our way through vale and dell  
To answer the call of the Soupline bell.  
When we had eaten our morning meal, we returned to the college with a great appreciation of nature, and with a much greater love for those good old beds o' ours. —D.A.H.

## Negligence?

Is there anything personal in the dormitories? Does a student really have a single thing she can call her own? We wonder! Often when one needs a pen, needle, clothes, tweezers, files, etc. The natural thing to do is borrow it from Next Door Neighbor if she doesn't happen to have her own (somebody may have borrowed it). But, as many of the girls can verify, it is one of the most utterly provoking things that can happen to have a well meaning friend come in in the absence of the occupants, pick

up the sought-for article, carry it home and bring it back? Well, No!—keep it until the owner after untiring efforts and clues given by friends, she finally recovers the borrowed article. Probably it is none the worse for wear, but it surely would be appreciated by every girl if permission were secured before taking things, or at least that they be brought back promptly!

—"Third Floor Girls."

## Black Drapery

What happened to the monkey who wrapped himself in a lion-skin? What did they do to the little boy who dressed himself in his little sister's clothes? And what do you think they did . . . But, never mind about that. Of course, the monkey and the little boy were perfectly free to do as they pleased. I heard you say that, didn't I? I know I had no business listening, of course. But I'm sinfully inquisitive, I'm afraid. Aren't you? Especially "arrogatus puerile." (Mr. Huff will tell you this is wrong, but it might mean something; you never can tell!) Well, "revenons a nos moutons" (I think Miss Harms tried to teach you that) I'm very happy no bones were broken in the half hour I was an

—Uninvited Guest.

## FORUM

### OPEN FORUM

Dear Mr. Editor:

I shall be very grateful if you will publish this letter, which I believe to be the sentiment of many students on the campus. As you know, there is a space of two hours on Sunday afternoon in which a young man may have a date with a young woman. For many of them it is only two hours twice a month. This is a very short time, it seems. There are as many privileges granted in this school as any other I know about, but many times two hours may mean a lot!

But, the two hours of which I have been speaking are usually considerably less than that. The B. Y. P. U. assembly is so conducted that it takes up a part of that time. I would not have a word to say in regard to this matter if B. Y. P. U. were the only religious organization. There are the others—Y. W. A., Sunday school, preaching, prayer meetings, all of which strive to uplift the spiritual life of the students. Therefore, if I may be permitted to say so, I, as well as some others, would like for the general assembly program to be carried out so that it will end on the dot and then have the allotted two hours left for those who may wish to have dates. Anyway, it is usually about four-thirty before everyone gets registered even when the program does end at four o'clock. —A Soupline Addict.

## Over the Hill

Away he goes—the laughing lad—  
With youthful footsteps spry,  
And now his parents, brave but sad,  
Are bidding him goodbye.  
They know not when he will return  
To grace his native fen,  
They only know their hearts will yearn  
Till Jack comes home again.  
The years that pass may mount to four,  
Or five or six or seven,  
And ere he opens his father's door  
May even reach eleven.  
It all depends, as he goes to  
Yon Citadel of Knowledge,  
How long the lad will need to do  
A four-year course at college!  
—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.

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Full many schools I have admired,  
Some special feature has scored high,  
But none my soul has so inspired  
As Mars Hill, in the "Land of the Sky."

Its setting is the eternal hills,  
In close communion with the clouds;  
Its music is the mountain rills,  
The place with glory Nature shrouds.

A gem it is among the hills,  
Deep inset with the Master's art;  
The radiance from the sunset fills  
With awe and wonder every heart.

And Mars Hill gives diplomas plus  
A knowledge in the art of living;  
It prepares for citizenship, and thus  
Unto the world the best is giving.

An ideal school is more than a dream;  
It has more than knowledge to give;  
Though it need not have a winning team,  
It must have a spirit to live.

Though many years have passed away  
Since last I heard the old bell chime;  
Through added distance day by day  
Its cadence helps me bide my time.

And disappearing from my sight  
More sweetly still its spirit sings  
Of living hope, of breaking light,  
The glory of Immortal things.

Alma Mater, we hear thy plea  
To the Alumni of the years,  
And as the challenge comes to me  
I echo back faith without fears.

We've learned from thee to face defeat,  
And lift a mirthful roundelay,  
That though we fare with tardy feet  
To face full bravely every day.

Our faith, our hopes, our prayers are thine,  
May Heaven's blessings with thee rest;  
Sweet as these memories of mine  
Be all thy retrospections blest.

## Chameleon

It's a lion, 'tis a lamb, oh, how can it be?  
And yet 'tis true—look up and see.  
Hold to your hat; the March winds blow;  
Then button your coat to keep out the snow.  
And, would you believe it, a half minute later  
You'll take off the coat, or look like a 'rater.  
Oh, ye beautiful, deceitful clouds, floating o'er our heads,  
Ye drown us unmercifully or else we seek our sheds.  
But no matter how we grumble, or how ever resistant,  
There's one thing about this weather that's always consistent:  
Whatever we say, or do, it yet will change  
On Mars Hill campus and mountain range.  
So hail, ye March winds, with your mournful lay,  
You're fickle as woman. What more can I say? —T. C. B.

The only objection to caps and gowns that we see is that the occupant may go to sleep during the address and snore out loud.

And then there was the Scotchman who lit his match from a cigarette lighter.

## ALUMNI

Rev. C. E. Parker is at present time holding a revival at Beck's Baptist Church, W. Salem, N. C. Mr. Parker is wonderful progress as a minister.

At the end of the first term March Rev. J. A. Hunnicutt his term as pastor of Mount Baptist Church. The term has very successful one for both and church. Mr. Hunnicutt is for someone a fine body of work.

Mr. Nathaniel M. Batchelor,puty Clerk of the Superior Court Nash County.

F. E. Pennell is now in the business at Henderson, N. C.

L. T. Vaughn is holding a revival with the American Tobacco Company at Durham, N. C.

Mr. Ernest Roberson has returned from a trip abroad. Roberson is in poor health and resting at home.

Mr. Emmett Ellen is a fireman the Atlantic Coast Line at Richmond, Va., and Mr. C. H. Ellen is with the City Fire Department at Rocky Mount, N. C.

Miss Winona Hudson, who Mrs. Ray F. Gorman, is in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Harold Stone is manager Miss Margaret Hudson, and the Industrial Bank at Henderson, N. C.

Miss Ruth Hudson is teaching the school at Coats, N. C.

Miss Nellie Day is married to William Sherman, Roxboro, N. C.

Mr. Irving Mason is working the Rosemary Manufacturing Company at Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Mr. Ran Wall is with D. Co., High Street, Portsmouth, N. C.

Mr. Dewey Myers is with Norfolk Co., Portsmouth, Va.

Miss Nellie Powell is doing Scout work at Norfolk, Va.

## Debaters! Play

Some students excel in things; some schools are not one thing above all the rest. It seems that Mars Hill has claimed distinct honors this spring in dramatic work and the foremost students who represented: "Marching Men" in the State at Chapel Hill, and those who so diligently striven to win debates, then going to state win, have made Mars Hill proud to acclaim them as winners. Not only are we proud of our winning laurels for us, but we are proud to acclaim them as our student-our classmates. They are our classmates. They are We are proud of you, Debaters! Players!

One thing sure: "Crip" is quite late enough to miss a train ing him out of town for a week.

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