

THE HILLTOP

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

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The Spirit of Thanksgiving

There is a quality of the human soul so beautiful that it mocks the descriptive power of word or pen. It is the spirit of thanksgiving—a sense of gratitude and appreciation. It is this sense that keeps man always humble before God. Across the page of memories in the volume of our own life there sweeps ever and anon a vision of the spirit as it was manifested by those to whom we owe the birth of our nation. As high as the breaking waves on the bleak New England shore rose and surged the faith of the grim-visaged pilgrim father as he cast anchor by an unknown sea. As staunch as the rock-bound coast was his indomitable courage as his eagle eye pierced the horizon beyond a wilderness which was his to conquer. True was his purpose as the blue of the ocean waves which bore him thus far in search of the undeniable rights of religious freedom. As glorious as the strength of the man himself was his manifestation of the spirit of thanksgiving in that far-off time.

A home within a wilderness was sufficient to bring the pilgrim father to his knees in ardent gratitude. The union of civilized white man with the untamed Red in this first Thanksgiving set free the spirit of Thanksgiving in our yet unborn nation and established as the foundation a grateful acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude to One from whom comes every good and perfect gift.

Across the years man in America has maintained the observance of Thanksgiving Day. From generation to generation has descended the wondrous spirit that keeps man ever grateful to the Author of this beautiful custom. It is the custom of our nation to dedicate one day of each autumn to the keeping of a Thanksgiving Day. On this day there is no one excluded from its blessings. The beauty of the spirit is that it is all-inclusive. There is no slave so humble, no monarch so powerful that he does not glory in its significance. The modern Scrooge sits before a cornucopia of worldly treasures and is stunned by the realization that he is common debtor with the poorest peasant who cringes before his scorn. The spirit of Thanksgiving hovers over the crudest but as well the most stately mansion and unites the slave with his lord, the peasant with his monarch in gratitude and reverence for the God of slaves and kings.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving is the spirit of prayer and sacrifice. Prayer is the verbal expression of gratitude and sacrifice is the active expression. If we would keep the spirit glowing in our hearts, we shall not fail to utter a prayer on Thanksgiving Day. If we would impart to others the spirit that is ours, we should do it through sacrifice. By some deed of our own we may cause Thanksgiving to bear a more blessed significance to someone else. From its abode in the recess of the American heart let the Spirit of Thanksgiving arise and manifest itself in word and deed. Down the corridors of time let the spirit of the pilgrim Father come to us who follow in his train. In gratitude for the realization of a dream as old as the nation, in custom with our forefathers, and in acknowledgment of personal appreciation, let every head be bowed in humility and every heart be lifted up with the Spirit of Thanksgiving. F. B.

The Play

(A CRITICISM)

Those who were fortunate enough to see the first production of the Mars Hill College Dramatic Club, on November 15, probably said something like this after having seen the performance: "Well, I didn't think that they could do it." Those who were previously less optimistic over its outcome left with a feeling of profound appreciation for these youthful players who simply outdid themselves in presenting this difficult play by W. S. Gilbert.

Miss Frances Barnes, playing the animated statue of Galatea, undoubtedly gave the best individual performance of the entire evening. Hers was a difficult role to play. Yet she played it with a grace that was worthy of the commendation of the gods who breathed life into that beautiful statue that Pygmalion had just carved out of stone. Her enunciation was practically perfect, her ease on the stage extraordinary, and her ability

to represent the stone statue of Pygmalion was almost flawless and worthy of the highest praise.

Following close to Miss Barnes was Tom Moore, playing the difficult title role of Pygmalion. Mr. Moore handled his first title role in a manner that was pleasing, and he well deserves a vast amount of praise. Mr. Moore's manly appearance on the floor commanded attention, and not once did he lose the attention of his audience. He, at times, seemed a bit conscious of his actions. Good luck, Tom; we are proud of you.

Miss Sibyl Pace, playing third lead as the wife of Pygmalion, maintained her excellent standard of playing. Miss Pace's previous experience in playing made her stand out that night and to continue to hold her audience and to command their praise. A dominating pleasing, and beautiful personality such as was shown by Miss Pace that evening is worthy of the highest praise of any critic.

Miss Marguerite Green, playing the role of Myrine, Pygmalion's sister,

and Mr. Wade Baker, playing the role of Leuceppe, a soldier, carried out the part of the lovers extremely well. Their lack of stagefright was noteworthy.

Mr. W. F. McLester, playing the role of Chrysos, an art patron, gave an excellent performance. His ease on the floor was noteworthy, and he played to his audience well. At times he seemed to have slightly overacted his part. The role of his wife was played by Miss Helen Beckwith. She gave a creditable performance. At times she seemed somewhat conscious of her actions. However, the part that she played was no easy one, and it was worthy of the talent of one much more experienced in playing.

Messrs. Milton Hamby and Robert Layne played the roles of the two Greek slaves with a perfect harmony of setting. They added much to the success of the play.

Miss Bonnie Wengert who directed the players deserves a vast amount of praise for the success of the production. She seems to have instilled into her players that personal feeling for each role which is necessary for the success of a production of any kind.

The play itself was no easy one to present. Yet these young dramatics handled it with an ability that was worthy of the attention of many professionals. The costumes were beautiful and added much to the pleasing appearance of the stage setting. The make-up artist seemed to have forgotten to complete the make-up of the arms of Galatea. This was very noticeable from the front. The enunciation of the entire cast was good. Many of the players seemed to have been a bit forced. The comedy of the play was rich and good. The one big thing that was characteristic of the entire cast was their failure to get out of the forcedness of their asides.

The failure on the part of the audience to appreciate much of the comedy and the efforts of the players were very noticeable. Maybe we shall grow up some day! J. N. J.

To Mother Millstead

(The Editor of this department assumes responsibility for the use of this poem.)

If I could write as fluently
As poets of my time
I'd try to write for Mother, dear,
A truly worthy rhyme.
But since my pen is not equipped
With either tongue or art
I'll just put down the words I feel
As coming from my heart.
When I recall your loving care
Your love, and goodness too,
I wonder why God didn't make
All mothers just like you.
You are my only counsellor;
You are my guiding star;
I think I love you even for
The mother that you are.
I fear I don't appreciate
Your value here on earth,
But I will try, and how I hope
To realize your worth.
Words can't express my love for you;
I guess to do it right
I'd have to see you every day
And try with all my might
To be what you would have me be:
Persistent, honest, true;
But try that hard, I couldn't be
One-half as good as you.
I'm 'way down here, you're 'way up
there—

There's miles between us two—
But all the distance in the world
Can't keep my mind from you.

I made this little rhyme for you
In stilted, stumbling style,
And now I'll end it with a kiss
That spans each lonely mile.
—Maude Kinslan.
Class of '30.

ORGANIZE ORCHESTRA AT CULLOWHEE

Cullowhee, N. C., November 17.—Recently an orchestra was organized at Western Carolina Teachers College, composed of the following: Hilda Smathers, pianist; Jeffrie Freeman, clarinet and trumpet; Minor Wilson, Louie Medford, and Mary Dare Haithcock, violins; Jessie Higdon and Lola Ramsey, guitars; Carolina Ransdall and Jessie Ramsay, ukuleles; and Pearle Justice, drums.
—From W. C. T. C. News Letter.

"But there is nothing half so sweet
in life as love's young dream."
—Moore.

A Lost Poem

One day while wandering 'mongst the
rustling corn,
Within my pondering mind a poem
was born;
No pen and paper had I with me
then,
That I might write, and pass it on to
men.

My soul implored the phantom poem
to stay,
But quickly as it came it fled away;
But oh, how sweet it was, and strong
and bright,
The whilst it stayed! Like some celestial
light
That flashes once from off a distant
shore,
A moment beams, then fades to shine
no more.

And now through all the days and
years that flee
I strive to call the phantom back to
me,—
In vain, in vain!—
The poem that came amongst the
whispering corn
Will in my wandering, yearning soul
be born
No more again!

—D. L. Stewart.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

By the Editor

"I am a dreamer, but aren't we all?" How many times have you read and heard those lines? Did you ever stop to realize the full significance of those eight words? What a bountiful source of consolation to self they contain! The idle fancies of many men have materialized into realities that surpassed by far the fondest dreams of the dreamer. Every noble life has been backed by some powerful and noble ideal. Back of that ideal was a dream, and back of that dream a dreamer. The air-castles that one builds while alone often bring comfort and extreme satisfaction to the individual. Have high erected hopes; have noble ideals; think much and dream often. It will afford you food for thought and make you happy in your own self.

Mars Hill may well be proud of her literary societies. They are not only exceedingly active, but all the members are evincing a wholesome interest in the work.

The fortieth anniversary of the Philomathian Society was a most creditable undertaking, and all who took part acquitted themselves well. It is refreshing to note that here at Mars Hill we have a very live retinue of societies and clubs involving student activities, each doing its part to make life at Mars Hill not only interesting but profitable as well. Besides the four literary societies, if the student wishes diversion there are a number of other societies and clubs, all aimed at but one purpose, to supply the means for building up a groundwork that will be of inestimable value later on in life.

"Pigeon" Brown acquired a new name while visiting in Charlotte recently. It is TWO and ONE. Come on, "Pigeon," and confess.

We understand that one of Prof. Huff's English students is thinking of writing a term paper on the following subject: "If I were a woman, what a sad man I would be."

We realize that miniature golf courses were popular last summer, but at the next world series it's gonna be "Miniature Joe."

Marshallism: A spontaneous outburst of suppressed titters by wary onlookers before the facade of Spilman on Sunday afternoons.

Critical comment oftentimes is directed at the staff responsible for producing a college newspaper. Some of it is constructive; others not so complimentary. We wonder how many students keep in mind the thought that a college newspaper is representative of the entire student body, and that to make a really fine paper it is necessary for everyone to lend his or her support by way of contributing articles and really helping to cover school activities.

Mother's Corner

By Mother Millstead.

I will praise thee, O Lord,
my whole heart.—Psalm 9:1
"Eternal Father, help us think wise thoughts, to speak words, and to do good deeds through all the hours of this day of our lives. Help us to think things as they are and also as ought to be. We would have hand in making the world a better place in which to live; and the nearer duties are the more pressing, we would begin at hand. To the beloved beings in the households, therefore, we will consecrate our ability to be cheerful and helpful. Enable us to lift burdens of the weary, and to bring happiness to those about us, then as our strength and wisdom are increased, to impart them to others, far and near. How full the possibilities of usefulness in a single day! How sweet to find that in a single moment of a single hour of this one we may render some service that will increase the sum of human virtue and happiness.
Help us O Lord, to do it.

"MOTHER'S CORNER"

By Mother Biggers.

"Mother's Corner." Why? that we as "mothers" at Mars Hill College might express to each other our love and interest? Please give us a chance to you personally in any way that you can. We want to share your joys as well as your sorrows. We thank you for you and the privilege of helping in this formative period to imprint on your minds and hearts the principles of Jesus Christ, who is the Head of our school; but you must remember what Kate Douglass Wiggin says: "Most of all the other beatitudes in life come by twos and threes by dozens and hundreds—plenitude of Roses, Stars, Sunsets, Rain, Brothers and Sisters, Aunts and Uncles—but only One Mother in a wide world." To her you must turn true whether she is at home or waiting for you in her Heavenly home.

Let me apologize to Edgerly Guest for changing the title of my poem, "Father Thought" to "Mother Thought," as it expresses my feelings for you.

"I would not at your laughter try
Nor try to cry your pleasure down
Nor hint that mirth is wrong
But as you laugh and as you smile
Against life's every circumstance
I hope to have you strong."

"This pleasure which you love
much
Will vanish at the slightest touch
Of shame or loss or pain.
When come life's sterner tests to try
It will not stay to see you through
Or at your side remain."

"So fine the line twixt wrong
right,
So great the cost of follies slight
So cruel is the throng
That all who would outlast
mirth
And end in peace their days on earth
Must build foundations strong."

"Be happy every hour you can,
But play the woman and the man
Hold fast to all that's best.
My prayer is this: When comes the strain
You will have courage for your part
And strength for every test."

SEVEN FROM MARS HILL ATTEND STATE CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 1)

Wingate and Boiling Springs colleges, though still Baptist institutions are no longer under the control of the Baptist State Convention but independent institutions.

The convention went on record approving the plans for the observance of the Diamond Anniversary of Mars Hill and the attempt to raise \$250,000. The college was given mission to solicit contributions from individuals and former students.

The representatives from Mars Hill were Dr. R. L. Moore, Dr. O. E. Sams, Professor R. M. Lee, Rev. J. R. en, Professor J. B. Huff, Mrs. R. Moore, and Mrs. O. E. Sams. Rev. J. R. Owen of Mars Hill elected president of the State Ministerial Conference.