

THE HILLTOP

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

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Hope

That mysterious, intangible something that possesses the souls of men, and spurs them on to nobler achievements is a divine attribute. We call it hope!

Every personality of practically every environment has felt this inaudible call of the soul. Circumstances, to be sure, can kill such hope. But if we knew not disappointments and hardships, we would never be able to realize happiness when it should come. Trials, hardships, disappointments, and tribulations are not discriminating. They lurk within the palaces of kings; they stop on the threshold of many worthy enterprises; they visit the most desolate of homes. Yet, the very presence of such demons inspires and instils into the hearts of those it visits an ever desire to overcome it. Hope, truly, is a fundamental characteristic of the make-up of man.

No worthy enterprise has ever met success lest back of that enterprise was the hoping heart of its founder. Every beautiful life and ideal has been born by the seed of hope. The father of our life and destiny is hope. We need it. Never try to kill it. Cultivate it. Meet hope half way with a determined spirit to do and to be, and your most utopian dreams will flourish into astonishing realities. —J. N. J.

Easter as Lived Today

The long-looked-for day has past. Easter! Everyone knows and feels the exultation it brought. For weeks, yea months, among the college students, this day had been quite a topic for discussion. Interest had been manifested in different ways! Now there is a hushed quietness, as of suspense. Girls emerge from the college post-office. Some are bearing folded scraps of paper with gummed edges, while the word *Special* glares forth in no decorous manner; others are conveying boxes — boxes neatly wrapped, bearing the drug-store stamp, boxes of all dimensions and contours, and again a word *Perishable* mars the external surface. On this day there shines forth bonnets and frocks, multi-colored bonnets and frocks, not worn before.

One remembers the Easters of long ago — the version of the Easter rabbit related on Easter Eve; the everlasting search for unwonted Easter eggs. One thinks, how ridiculous were those Easters. How far they were lacking in the true Easter spirit! Yet, upon serious contemplation of the matter, is not the Easter observed by college students lacking just as much of the true spirit? Is there anything done upon this day that would bring to the world a more graphic vision of the risen Lord? In fact, is there anything in the observance of Easter that could be said to truly commemorate the one in whose honor it is observed? —C. H.

Easter

This day was one on which we followers of Him are able only to glorify and praise His name. This world, with its intelligentsia seemingly limitless in accomplishment, meekly bows to the supreme power manifested in His Resurrection. We must not expect to commemorate justly that event by seeking Him in the tomb, but with the poet say,—

"I shall not look for Him within the tomb
This April day; the velvet bloom
Of lilies is too near;
The song on April's lips is far too clear
To be imprisoned in death's narrow room;
And over waiting fields
The ancient miracle that brown earth yields
Each year when winter passes,
Is weaving for His feet a carpet of green grasses."

Let the resurrection of the dead be to us as the shining of the spring sun on the hidden roots of the lilies of the field. Let the thought that nothing can be done in the face of death be securely barred by the words of Him who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Easter Day, more than being merely a spring festival, marks that passing of a life through death to fuller life. If the Son of God needed that fuller life after being a man among men, how much more should we strive to deserve the short time allotted to our endurance. Death and its reward are infinite things which are revealed only in the true Resurrection in Christ Jesus. One scholar, writing on Easter, says that God takes this dreaded thing we call death, and makes of it an anaesthetic and, under its

JOHN A. McLEOD

As we, the present staff of The Hilltop, go to the press for the last time, we feel an almost crushing tinge of remorsefulness because we have found in our faculty adviser an ever pleasing contact that makes parting such a sad sorrow. As we stop to offer our thanks to him, and to acknowledge our appreciation, we find that we have no tribute worthy of the praise that is truly his. An ever willing hand of service; a heart full of understanding; a personality that is enriching; and always—always—that same willing, understanding way that has won our innermost being, makes us sad to work with him no longer.

Mr. McLeod came to Mars Hill seven years ago from Berau High School in Greenville, South Carolina, where he was principal. He received his A.B. degree from Furman University, and his M.A. from the University of North Carolina. He is a member of the Modern Language Association of America, and the National Council of English Teachers of America. As he has said himself, Mr. McLeod is one who loves his fellow man. While speaking with Mr. McLeod, he casually made the following statement which reveals the soul of the man: "My purpose is to make Mars Hill my experience. It is here that I expect to grow. I shall rise or fall with it."

By this gracious spirit of helpfulness he has won a host of friends at Mars Hill. An almost perfect understanding of human nature has been made manifest by him. An ideal man in every respect has caused his students to look to him for guidance and leadership.

Mr. McLeod, to try to thank you for the wonderful way in which you have aided the present staff would be an utter impossibility. Understand, when we say that we are grateful, and that our joy derived from working on this publication was made all the more joyful because it was you who taught us the



Prof. John A. McLeod

blessings found in true, honest service for others.

To the new Hilltop staff, we would say that the true friendship you will find in Professor John A. McLeod, while working with him, will indelibly impress itself upon your life. You will find in him a constant source of inspiration and holiness. May the blessings derived from him while you work with him find in you ample room for acknowledgment. —J.N.J.

soothing ministry, the change is wrought in the child of God which fits him for immortality. This bit of thought, left anonymously by some writer, is superior to some treatise written by one of those scholars who consider analytically and not faithfully:

"Nothing lovely ever dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star dust or sea foam, flower or winged air:
If this befall our poor unworthy flesh
Think thee! What destiny awaits the soul!"

—E. W.

A SONNET OR A SONG

By D. L. Stewart

CHRISTUS EST SURRECTUS

They wrapped Him in a winding-sheet of white
And laid Him softly in a new-made tomb;
They buried there with Him their hope that night,
And buried in their hearts a ghastly gloom.
Rich Joseph humbly gave his rock-hewn grave,
And wept that this was all — and all so late;
And Nicodemus, penitent and brave,
Brought spices of a hundred pounds in weight.

Then came the Pharisees to set the seal
Of royal power upon the scepter-head,
"Lest His disciples might His body steal
And claim that He has risen from the dead."

Three days creation felt bewildered force;
Three days the earth along its orbit swayed;
Three days the sun and stars did doubt their course;
Three days the devils hoped, and angels prayed.

The hour arrives; creation and the fate
Of man and Nature quiver in the scale;
The power of good and evil watch and wait
With tight-clenched hands and faces tense and pale.

Grim Death, in silent rage, in cowering dread,
With freezing hands clutched at the scepter-door,
But, vanquished, turned in seething rage, and fled,
For Jesus rose, and Death could rule no more.

Come forth, soft Spring! rekindle all your fires!
Revive the frozen earth; the gloom dismiss
Of wintry death; renew the dead desires
Of Nature's heart by your awakening kiss!

O beautiful life, awakened from your sleep!
Music of birds and brooks, whispering trees,
Fragrance of flowers, and woldlands green and deep,
Child-laughter, play; dreams that the fancy please,—

I see it now, sweet Spring! you testify
That Jesus rose — and rising, new life gives.
Come, Soul! Shall Spring more faithful be than I?
Put forth new life: declare that Jesus lives!

OPEN FOR

To the Student Body

Probably one of the mental traits that is of man is the joy and pride derived from being of service. The Hilltop staff of 1931, realizing the beautiful truth contained in an assumption. We make your paper, not only readable, but also representative of you. Our aim to give credit where credit was due. To be impartial in the base for news items, and to make the real spirit of College live again through this, your paper.

If we, who are retarded, believe that such aspirations achieved there would be no regret in our souls as our incompleteness. Hilltop staff (which we elect soon, and which we noted elsewhere in our work. However, our sole happiness derived from serve you.

This edition of the last issue to be present staff. We with our faculty and McLeod (our appreciation to us this year is on this page) in public seventy-fifth anniversary the first of May. A be of aid to your new

My fellow students, sent staff, with the Junior English teachers, faculty advisor, place through the medium of this paper, our The Hilltop staff of believe the editor not and those who shall der to you the best ess — no enterprise more!

On behalf of the '31, we bid you fair again for the co-operation you have this year. It has been have worked in your

J. Nelson Jarrett

SOMETHING FOR EVERY

By the Editor

I sat in a large Sunday, along with others. Flowers in the to the artificiality of went, not to worship to watch others as they be in the presence of forth from this intere tion fully conscious of I thought would be pre questioned dress parade in that audience joy. Why? Because green ensemble that was by any other present; corsage of orchids with beautiful hues; because heels were fully six than those on any other sent; and because this suit was in perfect shoes, necktie, shirt, and was interesting to note who were thus parading ular attendants at that That small group who of the fact that on this was risen, were less contrast proves the ifiable, demoralizing, cializing spirit of En Why not set aside some a fashion show, and day realize the full unparalleled date in his

Do You Know

- (1) What the earlier New York was?
- (2) What welding is like?
- (3) Who the two best Poets were?
- (4) The three war sons

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