

THE HILLTOP

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

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Is Silence Golden?

Silent shadows flit across the screen—intense emotions are portrayed—a dramatic episode reaches its climax—and then an untoward remark overheard in the darkened audience shatters all continuity of thought. The situation becomes ludicrous; tragedy is suddenly comedy.

At a recent motion picture in the College Auditorium, the sound accompaniment was extremely unusual. Although the College as yet does not afford a vitaphone equipment, it affords the students the unique opportunity of supplying the sound effects according to their individual interpretations.

The new science of child training teaches self-expression. It is indeed interesting to note the enthusiastic use of free expression enjoyed under the cover of darkness at a cinema entertainment.

There are those who complain, however, that the effects are not synchronized, since the sound usually follows the action by a second or two, and that the variety of spontaneous contributions is somewhat distracting.

In order that every one may enjoy the very diverting and desirable films, why not have a compromise and substitute one type of sound for another? "Music hath charms—" The radio has been tried and found unsatisfactory; but why not use piano music or suitable phonograph records? M. W.

An Open Letter From Dr. Vann

To the Editor of The Hilltop:
Will you kindly bring to the attention of your readers the fact that our Baptist young people along with the young people of other evangelical denominations are being given the opportunity to take a decided stand for prohibition by signing "Youth's Roll Call"? "It appears that the young people of our country advertised as the chief offenders against our prohibition laws, are beginning to give their answer to this charge of the wet forces."

"Youth's Roll Call," is one of several movements that have as their purpose the enlistment of the youth of the country in support of the Constitution and the laws of the country.

"Young men and women between the ages of fourteen and thirty are being enrolled by the signing of the following pledge: That the Constitution may be protected and orderly government preserved, I declare my purpose to abstain from the use of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage, to support and defend the Eighteenth Amendment and thus to contribute to the success of prohibition."

"I love those 600,000 signatures to this statement and pledges have been secured, and the objective is at least one million names to be filed at Washington early in December. Our young people who observe the law and are loyal to the principle of prohibition, and doubtless by far the larger number are of this group, should welcome this opportunity to go on record and answer the propaganda of the wets."

What a fine opportunity our Mars Hill young people have of identifying themselves with this movement to keep our nation sober, decent, and God fearing. Surely we can count on a strictly 100 percent sign up to the petitions which are now being circulated.

Sincerely,
L. L. VANN.

"What is that white, fluffy stuff you're picking?"
"That, suh, will be wool when ye wear it next winter in the No'th."
—Watchman-Examiner.

Duty: Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need. —Dryden.

Leeper Heads The Student Council

Council Policy For Year Expressed.

At the first of school this year, Rankin Leeper of Cramerton, was elected President of the Student Council, by the other members.

The following are members of the Council for 1931-32: In Brown Dormitory, President Leeper and Larry McLendon upstairs, Max Hamilton and Walter Cole down stairs; In Melrose Dormitory; Douthit Furchess and William Kirk upstairs, Worth Lewis and Luther Matthews down stairs, and Ernest Bailes in the basement.

President Leeper says his policy is, "quieter and happier Dormitories for this year."

The Student Council wants the students to co-operate in making our Dormitories an ideal place to spend their nine months. The president says, "I think the students as a whole have been very quiet and considerate, with the exception of a few Bats."

The Student Council meets every Wednesday night after prayer meeting, to discuss the problems of the dormitories and to try to arrive at a satisfactory solution of them.

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
And meters in musical tone;
But the meter that's sweeter,
Completer and neater,
Is to meet her in the moonlight
alone.—The Red and White.

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.
—Selected.

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

For your prayers, your messages of comfort, and your silent expressions of sympathy in the home-going of my dear father, I want to express in behalf of the family, our tenderest appreciation to both faculty and student body.
—ETHEL GREGG.

HOUSE MOTHER'S COLUMN

JUST AROUND MY CORNER

Never was a morning more lovely; yet my heart was heavy, for I was leaving a great part of all that was dear just to find what was around the corner awaiting me. The rising sun was casting its "Good Morning" rays over the beautiful blue-green bay and the myriad of colorful flowers all around, and I thought of the joy they had all been to me, of the hours that I had spent feasting my eyes and my soul upon the vastness and beauty of these waters. Then there was my family, old friends and scenes that are always dear, but I waved a brave good-bye to the Land of Flowers and drove away.

Two days' travel, then what a pleasant surprise I did find. For once realization was greater than expectation. My fondest hopes had been greatly surpassed, for this is what I found awaiting me: instead of my small family, I had exchanged it for such a big one, yes nearly eighty boys and so many new friends to greet me with such kind words and smiling faces that my heart just tingled with joy. Then followed a long nights rest, so needed by a weary traveller and so comforted by God's blessings. I needed it all to prepare myself for what awaited me next day, such a memorable day!

Arising at seven to go to breakfast, my eyes were filled with such beauty, such grandeur that I can never forget, and the clouds that hovered around the mountain's crest made me think of the foamy blue waters that I had left behind. After this happy good morning with so many thoughtful young people about to help me that I know we can accomplish many things together.

I appreciate the help of the boys in making our dormitory a prettier place to live so that when our parents and friends come they too can see what an attractive place we live in.
—MOTHER HARMAN.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help"

In giving my impression of Mars Hill I must go back to a day last June, when, in company with my son and a former student, I first came here. Leaving "Ole Virginia" late Saturday evening, we spent the night with friends in Winston-Salem. After an early breakfast—even earlier than that served here—we started toward our destination, expecting to arrive in time for morning service; but, so conscientiously had the student observed the rules and so faithfully had she heeded the call to stay "close in" that she did not know the route from Asheville to Mars Hill and misdirected us. After driving about an hour, we found ourselves in Marshall and had to back trail to Mars Hill. Church had started, and so we had to

wait until the close of the service to speak to our President, Mr. Moore, with whom we had been in correspondence for some time, and to greet our Vice-President, Dr. Sams, whom we had previously met back in Virginia when he came into our home one morning after a trip over some of our mountain roads, at that time famous for their red mud. Never have I had a more cordial reception; and before the dinner hour was over, in Sams' dining room, which I saw for the first time that day, I felt very much at home and among friends. Summer school was in session and I was privileged to meet a number of the teachers. Though the students at dinner seemed many to me, at that time, they were few compared to the crowd we now have. After a conference in Mr. Moore's office (which, though, I am not a student, has my deepest respect) we started back toward Winston and our home state. Strange to say, the place I now call home—the dormitory on the Hill—was the one place I did not see while on my visit. A storm was gathering, and we were anxious to be on our way. As we journeyed back home, so had the spirit of Mars Hill gotten hold of us, after talking with our President and the other teachers, that we decided, that if after prayerful consideration it seemed to be God's leading, we would cast in our lot here. So, some weeks later found us at Mars Hill.

Though born and reared in Washington City, for a number of years I have been privileged to live where I could look up to God's mountains; so they were no new sight to me. Yet as I turned that day, when about half way up the steps leading to our dormitories on the hill, and for the first time saw that scene of beauty and grandeur that greets us from that view point, the majesty, power, and goodness of God came home to me as never before and the words of the Psalmist, that head this article, instinctively came to my mind and a peace and comfort filled my heart as God spoke to me there.

As I try to "mother" these boys in Melrose, many of whom have already endeared themselves to me, my prayer is that I may so live in this dormitory before them that we all may come to know Him just a little better because our paths have crossed and that as we look out and behold the beauties of nature surrounding us, the King of Beauty, the "Altogether Lovely," may reign in our hearts. This to me is the Spirit of Mars Hill, the lifting up of the Christ, (even above educational standards) and is the thing that impresses me most here, and that makes me glad to have my son numbered among its students.

MRS. J. MASON RICHARDSON,
(Mother Richardson)

Phis Debate On Russian Question

On Friday night, September 25, the Philomathian Literary Society held its third program of the year.

The first number on the program was a declamation entitled, "How to Protect Peace," by Woodrow Wilson, rendered by Keating Pharr. This was followed by an oration, "The Quest of the Intellect," by James Matthews.

Then came the debate of the evening "Resolved, That the United States Should Recognize the Soviet Government of Russia." After a very animated discussion the judges rendered their decision in favor of the negative composed of Grant Kennedy and Edgar Osborne. Bruce Grainger and Charles Alexander represented the affirmative.

Next, Pegram Holland, a new member, entertained the occupants of the hall with a clarinet solo. He was accompanied at the piano by Miss Julia Cox.

At this juncture of the program the president called on five men for impromptu speeches. Mr. James Miller, the first one to speak, enlightened the society on "Some Phases of Detective Work." Mr. Connor Feimster next gave a "Lowdown" on the situation in Hollywood. This was followed by a discussion on table manners by Turner Rogers. Then Mr. Grant Kennedy rendered an amusing

poem, and Mr. James Matthews brought the series to a close with a serious talk on what the society meant to him.

Mr. Andrew Franklin Albritton rendered a humorous selection to bring the program to an end.

October 2nd Program

The opening selection on the program for October 2 was a declamation by Walter Cole, entitled "Americanism." Next came a well prepared oration by Jack Dale on "Which Way America."

In the debate of the evening the subject of Compulsory Military training in high school was discussed. The question stated negatively was supported on the affirmative by Turner Rogers and John Reece. The side of the negative was presented by John Wilkins and Falk Johnson. The judges rendered a verdict in favor of the negative.

The next number, harmonica selections by Emmett Francis, was well received by the audience. In the latter part of his performance he was accompanied by Messrs. Farmer and Grainger who attempted to harmonize with him on "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain." Mr. Farmer sang bass while Mr. Grainger sang weakly.

This was followed by two impromptus. One by Lem Freeman on "Red Hair," and the other by Keating Pharr on his favorite topic, "Love."

The program was brought to a conclusion by Frank Powell, who gave a humorous number.

"Joe E." Brown Gives Interview

You know I have always read champions were awfully hard to get an interview with. So I was asked to interview Mr. Brown, champion rope jumper, so dumb founded that I nodded for yes when I meant to

Of course, I had seen the wonderful performance of Mr. Brown in the Gym. Good! I would write it. But, no, the editor had directed I was to interview Mr. Brown

son. My heart in my throat and lower appendages almost refused support me, I approached Mr. Brown. With much hesitancy I asked he would give me an interview kindly answered that he would time convenient. After about the time and stammering my I fled.

In journalism I was taught to get an interview by first asking tactful questions. So I began asking Mr. Brown where he first jumping rope.

When yet a very small boy attending school at Hendersonville (by the way Hendersonville is famous for its great men of we have several here), he jumping with playmates. Along in the 6th and 7th formed several stunts at competition and at other times. About this time that Mr. Brown decided to make rope jumping a fession.

I asked Mr. Brown to give me points on rope jumping. Was a gift or could one become a champion? Mr. Brown said he thought more of a gift, since he had noticed any for about five years he came here.

But now wait a minute, there would-be champions, there's you. Mr. Brown thinks that really wants to become a champion can be hard practice.

When asked if he had any petitions for the would-be champion said, "yes."

"The thing that an actor fear is stage fright, and a go to overcome it is to practice in time before a mirror. Another important thing is to have quick muscles. To be a champion muscles are absolutely necessary. That's about all I have to say to my room to write up the interview.

Later I learned that Mr. Brown had not performed all the stunts he knew; so we have something forward to on the next stunt.

Unique Character Applies For Admission

Shot Through Brain Would To Ministry or Law.

On Thursday afternoon, October 1, a young man walked in the office, gave his name, and stated he had hitch-hiked all the way from a distant town to Mars Hill for admission to the college.

The story of his past life was of misfortune, hard luck crossed his path at every turn.

He stated that he had finished five and one-half years of schooling and had spent three at the Jackson training school.

One side of his body was paralyzed, resulting from a wound in his head. According to statement, he had been shot in forehead, the bullet passing through the upper portion of the brain and emerging somewhere on the back of his head.

He seemed to think that the lost part of his brain which was evident fact.

After talking the matter over the Dean he was taken over to President's office, in which he told all of his hard luck story and the climax by stating, "Consider the matter thoroughly, I have decided that the only thing I want to do is to become either a minister or a lawyer."

He appeared keenly disappointed when told by Mr. Moore that he would not be accepted until his junior year of high school, and slowly retraced his steps back up the way.

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