

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living And High Thinking"

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A Day of Thanksgiving

"There is not a dollar of debt remaining over Mars Hill College today, for land, for buildings, or for anything else, except current monthly expenses."

These words were announced by President Moore in chapel last Friday, and the impact was received as a blessing from God.

His statement came, after the message had been received from the Baptist State Board, stating that the last item of debt on our College property had been paid.

The faculty, the students, and everybody connected with the College join together in offering our deepest thanksgiving and appreciation. Especially do we recognize the sacrifices of those people over the State who have been so loyal to our State Board, in the face of financial adversities.

There is another side to this most fortunate condition of our College that deserves recognition: Our administration and trustees have operated throughout the years on a policy of conservative economy, planning a budget and living up to it.

New Bleachers

It is no news to the vast majority of the student-body that we are in need of new bleachers for our athletic field. The present so-called bleachers are not only delapidated in appearance, but are rather dangerous to those who sit upon them.

It is our opinion, that if the necessary material were supplied by the school, that enough public-spirited students would gladly contribute their services in the construction of new bleachers.

Would this not be a worthy cause for some person or organization to initiate and carry to completion this year?

J. T. W. & E. B. G.

Prospicit

Under an arch spanning the entrance to a college campus stood a young student. One hand rested on a brick pillar supporting the arch, in the ironwork of which were formed the words, "Mars Hill College, 1857." He faced east. Behind him the afternoon light fell on the buildings of his Alma Mater. Before him stretched a distant view whose poignant beauty was set in a vaulted frame by the iron arch.

In the morning the mountain mist had shrouded the scene, but now the sun, descending, looked back and illumined its birthplace, where the autumn foliage of the mountain top blended with the blue sky-line. In closer perspective rose a hill against this background, and on the hillside were the white monuments of a small cemetery.

The student gazed across the valley at these markings of the end of life. In his mind was pictured a metaphor. Was the valley before him life, through which he must plod as in a "Slough of Despond," onward and upward to meet the end? The end? Still beyond rose greater, more eminent heights. The words of a white-haired old man, who saw with an inner vision, reverberated in his mind: "Life is eternal; life is eternal."

For a moment the face of the student was clouded with the struggle of the inexperienced for understanding. A little formless prayer within him sought the courage and stamina he needed. He turned back toward the College grounds, with the resolve to seek there to the fullest, in his remaining student days, the knowledge and faith with which to fortify himself for that to come.

M. M.

Armistice Day

November 11th passed quietly on our campus as the closing day of the meeting absorbed the attention of faculty and students alike. Only the flag raised tardily on the flagpole reminded us that this was Armistice Day. Where were the parades and clamor that once celebrated this day; has time erased the memory of that glorious event in 1918, when the world laid down its arms and peace was declared?

It cannot be. It must be that Armistice has become an accepted part of a citizen's life. To the students it must be a lasting thing, as enduring as time. The thought of those other students who left their books behind and went away to war has intensified their aversion. The words of Winifred M. Letts in her poem "The Spires of Oxford," are full of pathos.

"God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown
God bring you to a fairer place
Than ever Oxford town."

B. S. U. DELEGATES RECOUNT UPS AND DOWNS OF CONFERENCE TRIP

Have you ever been to Durham? No? Yes? Well, if you didn't go this time we've got something over on you. Nothing is more conducive to a pleasant journey than a cosmopolitan crowd, a comfortable bus, and an agreeable chaperone.

Anticipation filled the air. Here was a whisper, "Jack's going to be there."

And from the back came, "Maybe we'll get to see the game at Duke tomorrow afternoon." Imagine that on a bus carrying students to a B. S. U. conference.

In spite of frequent stops for lemons, a hospital was not needed upon the arrival at Durham. There were some who were going home. Would they never get there? It seemed that all along the way someone had to call her sister, or someone else had a friend or parent he wanted to see. And always—eat! Feature Mars Hill students being hungry!

Every one thought he had the best hostess at the convention, but each man to his own opinion.

Say, have you ever seen any green lemonade? Ask Willie and Ollin if they had, previous to the reception Friday night. And we've had lessons on etiquette this year.

The times that made us happiest were those when we met old friends we had known last year. They say old pals are the best pals after all. It seems that way sometimes, doesn't it? It did to us. The union of old friends has a sweetness about it that is indefinable. And each of those old students from Mars Hill sent his love to you. They love you most of all because you've chosen the grandest school in the world!

A special treat was given each Mars Hill representative in a trip to Duke University. We certainly portrayed we were from the country when we hit that campus! The Duke students must have been thoroughly amused at the gaping mouths and awed countenances of our group. But we couldn't help it. We'd never seen "sech." It was really marvelous, and we are grateful for the privilege of having seen such magnificence. But in the mind of each of us a question arose. We wondered if they could possibly feel the loyal devotion to that enormous institution that we feel to our Alma Mater. We doubted that they

did. Could that bond of Christian relationship which is so dear to us be made magnetic over so vast a section of buildings. We were even more thankful, now, for that privilege we had been given, because a keener sense of appreciation for Mars Hill had been instilled in our hearts by this trip.

A much quieter crowd prepared themselves for the trip back to Mars Hill. There were several reasons for this. A great deal of spiritual inspiration had been received, new thoughts had been given, and old friendships renewed. Everyone was quiet until we reached Greensboro.

Of course, before returning to the "Hill" we had to have one last "feed." So we stormed a corner drug store and proceeded to make ourselves very much at home. It is truly a wonderful trait to be able to make one's self at home any where, and it seemed to be a particular trait of ours.

When we returned to the bus, there was some difficulty in being seated as everyone clamored to be the first to sit by the chaperone. But since all could not have that privilege, they finally submitted to take their places elsewhere in the bus.

But quiet did not ensue long. The sun had gone down and the moon had not come up; and we, the loyal up holders of Mars Hill standards, found ourselves in a most precarious situation. We demanded lights but were bluntly refused them by the bus driver. It really is hard to drive a car after night with the lights burning. Now, isn't it? But we were uneasy—"lest we forget." Eventually optimism reigned and we forgot the lights upon the appearance of a poor, distracted kitten. For awhile we feared a veritable war, but after much deliberation peace was regained. And how soothing that peace!

By the way, you didn't happen to know that Ben Kirby liked candy as well as he likes cats, did you? Neither did we, but after he had consumed several pounds we decided in the affirmative.

Of course trips like that are tiring, even for the B. S. U. president. So we weren't at all surprised when we heard—"Get out of the way, I want to stretch my neck."

—One of Them.

Philomathians Have Series of Programs

Because of a conflict with the services conducted by Dr. Haymore Friday evening, November 6, the Philomathian Literary Society held a brief meeting on Friday afternoon. After the usual preliminaries the following brief program was given: oration, James Miller; humor, Earl Brown and Hal Byrd; impromptu speeches, Thomas Speed and Marvin Smith.

The meeting of the preceding week included a declamation by Edwin Powell, reading by Everett Abee, and a debate, "Resolved, That the Several States Should Enact Legislation Providing for Compulsory Unemployment Insurance." The affirmative was upheld by Paul Buck and Jack Dale; the negative, by Avery Hunter and Herbert Johnson, the decision being won by the negative. The program for October 23 was as follows: declamation, Johnny Champion; reading, Bill Atkins; debate, "Resolved, That the Five Day Week Should Be Adopted in All American Industries," with Thomas Speed and Faison Butler on the affirmative and W. B. DeBrulle and Webster Ellenwood on the negative; humor, C. A. Fletcher; impromptu quartett, composed of C. Jones, A. Hunter, T. Burton, and F. Wright; music, Emmet Francis. The decision for the debate was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

Miss Cox Is Hostess To Dramatic Club

Miss Julia Cox was hostess to the Dramatic Club at a reception given in her home on Hallowe'en.

The home was attractive throughout with the color scheme of Hallowe'en festivity.

An impromptu program was enjoyably rendered, consisting of a humorous reading by Miss Wengert, the sponsor. Following this a short selection was given by each member of the club.

On the Other Campus

Dr. Sledd, head of the English department of Wake Forest, deplored the lack of leadership among the present-day youth in a recent address. He said that he had never seen such a dearth of leaders as there now is and attributed it to the hurry in which present-day students live.

At Salem College they are running a column in their paper, "The Salemite," headed "What every girl should know." It carries very valuable information to the fairer sex each edition. I should advise that the fairer contingency of our college profit by these suggestions.

From the "Orange and Blue" of Carson-Newman College we find these "notes from a Campusology Book." Here are a few:

"Nature endowed women with grace, beauty, intention and tenderness—and then the devil had to spoil everything by giving her a tongue."

"You can believe all that an honest man says—except when he is talking business, running for office, or making love."

"When a woman is cool, abstracted, and silent a man always feels guilty; his only doubt is to what particular thing she has found out."

According to statistics published in the Duke "Chronicle," the average time it takes a "bull session" to start on the subject of women is six minutes. Two students majoring in psychology went to twenty-five rooms and started twenty-five bull sessions with any subject but that of women or anything which pertained to them and keeping an eye on their watches, obtained this data. The "news" in that article is the fact that they waited so long.

Here's where you get your money's worth folks!!! Students may cut a class at the University of Maryland provided they pay a fine of three dollars.

POETRY

AUTUMN

A gipsy man as old as the
Came in the golden aftern
Under the trees and down th
In scarlet curl-tipped shoos

He sat on the dry grass und
Under a maple tree high an
He sang to them that wan
lane

A song he had sung
When his dreams were you
A song he had made in hi

"Laughter and Love and Li
I cried to the stars in their
abyss.

Laughter and Life, far-know
Where shall I find all this

The stars flung down a song
Written by a moon
On a silvery sea.

"Go East, go East to the rig
Where the skies are blue
And the temples are done
In gold and teakwood and

"Where the night goes by
feet
And the stars are coals in
pot;

Where the mist of pink is in
so sweet,
There is a hurt in your he

"Go East, go East to the Li
You will find it there,
I swear—I swear,
Go to the West, and you d

The afternoon curled itself
And vanished under a hill.
The Gipsy-man rose from
where he sat,

The lane was alone and still
They had grown tired of his
song—

The tune was sad, and the
were wrong.
No aging gipsy should so sin
Words as young and as glad

HOPE

There's many a heart that
There's many a voice that
There's many a life that's
To make this old world

OUR THOUGHT

If we could but our thought
If we our thoughts coul
stand.
Then could we not our live
In service for the King

EVENING

The sun is slowly sinking,
The birds have gone to
The cow bells all are tink
The world is at its best.
CARL W. RO

DEFINITION OF SANCTIFICATION

By Dr. J. M. Haymo
"Sanctification is that
ous operation of the holy spir
by the new disposition
in regeneration is mainta
strengthened, kept alive in
gressive, growing, fruitbear
"The work of Jesus in t
is two-fold. It is a work ac
ed for us, destined to effect
ation between God and man
work accomplished in us,
object of effecting our sanct
By the one, a right relation
lished between God and us
other, the fruit of the re-es
order is secured. By the fo
condemned sinner is recei
the state of grace; by the l
pardoned sinner is associat
life of God.

Regeneration makes one
sanctification makes him sou
ification needs sanctification
low it.

"Regeneration is instan
but sanctification takes tim
photographer makes the ne
the picture in a moment, but
time to develop the picture.

"Take time to be holy, spe
with thy Lord." It takes t
"Salvation is something pa
thing present and something
a past fact, justification; a
process, sanctification; a fut
summation, redemption and