

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living And High Thinking"

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, MARS HILL, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, FEBRUARY 20, 1926.

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On Thanksgiving

The college year is at its height of gayety during the season of society anniversary programs and approaching Christmas holidays. Thanksgiving Day fits into the campus calendar as only a half-holiday in the rush of activities, but as a day of thanksgiving it loses none of the fullness and the simplicity of its meaning. Its observance consists of a program, an offering and a prayer at the regular chapel period. A special offering fittingly carries out the purpose of the day; but the sincerity of one who gives is tested by his offerings throughout the year.

Anything less than the cheerful and rigid practice of tithing is a denial of gratitude. It cannot truly and unselfishly be in our hearts unless our benevolences are generous according to our means. Beautiful sentiments are not enough for Thanksgiving. The ostentatious gesture does not suffice. One day out of three hundred and sixty-five is totally inadequate. It is the self-knowledge that one has consistently given his best, or the resolution to show in deeds as well as words the expression of the thanksgiving, that makes this day one of gratitude. College students often fall short of the teaching older than Abraham, to give a tenth. Let Thanksgiving remind us that to tithe is our duty—and our privilege.

Joe Again

The proposal to erect a marker to Joe, made in the Hilltop recently, has caused considerable comment here and there. The following communication from the Asheville Chapter of the Confederate Memorial Association is deeply appreciated:

Asheville, N. C., Nov. 19, 1931.

We, the Ladies of the Confederate Memorial Association, wish to commend and endorse the efforts of students of Mars Hill to erect a marker to the memory of "Joe," the negro slave who was put up as collateral to raise funds for the College. May you have success in the undertaking.

MRS. R. A. COGNER, Pres.
MRS. CHAS. SLUDER, Cor. Sect'y.

Scriblerus Club Meets For Reorganization

Mr. and Mrs. Huff Hosts to Club at Monthly Meeting.

On Tuesday evening, November 17, the Scriblerus Club held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mr. J. B. Huff, sponsor of the club. A large part of the time was given over to the business of reorganizing the club, which is henceforth to be strictly an English club. After the appointment of committees and the completion of other business, the following program was rendered: "The Development of Drama in Roman Literature," Hazel Sprinkle; "The Development of the Drama in French Literature," Wilson Lyday; "The Development of the Drama in English Literature," Dorothy Allen.

Mrs. J. B. Huff, hostess, graciously served refreshments to the following: Misses Pattie Moore, Catherine Rollins, Kathleen Gilleland, Hazel Sprinkle, Dorothy Allen, Eva Robbins and Messrs. Mard Pittman, M. H. Kendall, Wilson Lyday, and Lem Freeman.

The Scriblerus Club, now an English Club, plans to step forward this year and win for itself a larger place among the organizations on the campus.

"There is only one route to the deepest spirituality of God; that is safeguard your devotional life."—J. L. Hill.

"Jesus never one time made an abusive attack on the Roman Empire, but held up the vision of the Kingdom of God as it would come."—J. D. Newton.

Lions Lose To Alumni Team, 13-6

A Number of Grads Appear in Uniform for Contest.

On Saturday, November 21, the Lions lost a hard fought game to the Alumni team of '27 on the local turf, 13-6. The Lions played a hard game; but they could not offset the weight and experience advantage of the winning team. The Mars Hill boys made a desperate comeback in the second half and had it not been for the fact that the old grade were allowed free substitutions and as many time outs as they desired the result might have come out in favor of the Lions.

The Alumni scored in the first period on a steady drive down the field to the five yard marker, where Dick Anderson plunged over for the score. The same process was repeated in the third quarter with Anderson again making the tally. The Lions' only score resulted in the last period when Isenberg intercepted one of Furches' heaves in midfield and took it to the 20-yard marker before being downed. On the next play Albritton flipped a pass to Stephens, who stepped across the goal line for the score.

Among the old grade coming back for the game were, Furches, Suggs, D. Anderson, Plemmons, Graham, Carter, Glasgow, Baber, Ward, H. Anderson, Dockery, Joyner, Andrews, Moore, Cackel, Robinson, Camnitz, J. Albritton and Edwards.

"Character cannot be developed by giving self license."—Charles Howard.

A VETERAN OF CHRIST AND THE THE CONFEDERACY--DR. ROBERT

BELOVED PHYSICIAN IS EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

D. L. Stewart.

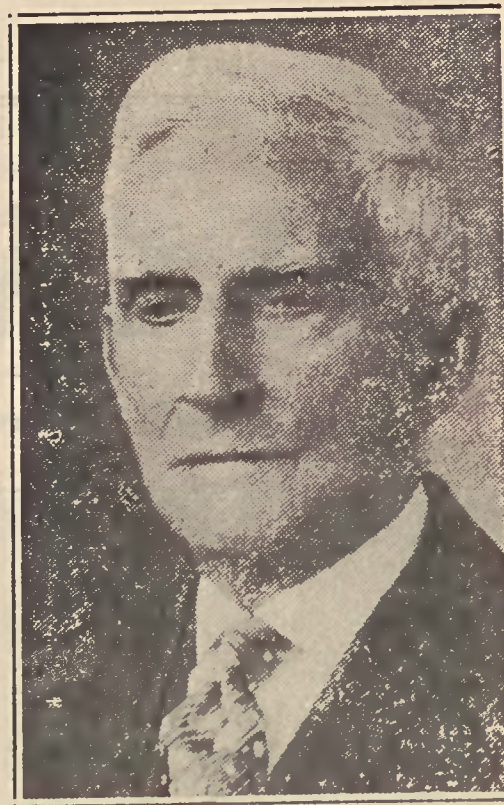
Have you met him? He cannot go here and there as he used to; for eighty-seven winters have dimmed his eyes, and turned his hair to venerable white, and halted his agile step. But he loves still, passionately, the society and the souls of people; and it is a pathetic reflection that Doctor cannot visit the boys and girls as he once did, but must wait patiently for them to come to see him. It is a rich experience to talk and joke with Doctor about the serious and the humorous turns of life.

We remember a time, five years ago and more, when this venerable man with frosted hair, impressive and upright though small of stature, went whither he would on the campus with no other aid than his cane, taking cheer and the word of life—as did the Master he loves—with him. Then came the gradual dimming of eyesight; and we witnessed Doctor making an effort that was at once heroic, inspiring, and pathetic: for seeing blindness and confinement at the door, and his opportunities to visit the sick and the lost fast receding, he needs must capture another medium of expression. So we found him, day after day, a man eighty-seven years of age, patiently laboring at his typewriter to learn the touch system of typewriting so that he might still write when darkness should overtake him. Now the little mechanical typewriter has become an instrument of life to many; and Doctor writes almost a faultless letter though he never sees what he writes. You may find him now almost always either at the typewriter or with his Bible of raised letters, still doing all the good he can. He is always happy to have young men and young women come to see him, and he is rich in advice on the problems of life and religion.

In 1686 Doctor Robert's ancestors were Protestants, living in France, numbered with the hated and persecuted Huguenots. A ship was obtained by a company of Huguenots who fled their religious oppression and came to America, the land of religious freedom; and this company of brave Frenchmen, among whom were the ancestors of Doctor Robert, established a colony near Charleston, S. C. It was either Pierre or Daniel, both men being in the direct line of Doctor Robert's ancestry, who was captain of this ship of oppressed freemen; and in the old Huguenot church, which was founded by this colony and which is still standing in Charleston, the name of Pierre may be found on the wall.

Doctor J. C. Robert was born May 4, 1864, at Robertville, S. C., which town was founded by his ancestors of the name. Doctor remembers a very impressive incident in his early years—that at the age of five he was taken by his grandfather to see the President, who in 1849 was Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War. His grandfather Robert, a wealthy and influential man of Robertville, fought with the Whigs in the Revolutionary War, the great struggle for independence, which set this land of America free from the oppression of thrones and "established" religions.

When Doctor Robert was a young man, the terrible conflict between the North and the South was raging. When he was eighteen years of age, he enlisted in the army of General Lee to fight for the Confederate cause. He was in the battle of Malvern Hill July 7, 1862, which was one of the important battles of the early war between the States. While in Lee's army Doctor Robert received an appointment as a second lieutenant in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States of America, and went to fill that place. Trying to discharge the duties of his office in a conscientious way, he once held up for inspection an emissary from General Johnson's army and was severely scolded for it by Johnson's adjutant general. While he was in this strained position, the inspector-general showed himself a friend to him; and upon finding that Doctor wanted to go back into the regular service, he gave him a horse and sent him back to Lee's army as adjutant for Colonel Joseph Dillon, who was making the trip. Doctor had a close call once



DR. ROBERT

while on this journey, when he and a partially deaf companion were attacked by some yankees; but after emptying his musket he managed to conceal himself by turning his horse into a thicket. Among other interesting experiences of this trip Doctor relates a story of finding a fine mule which got away from the yankees; whereupon Doctor captured him and sold him for seventy-five dollars. It was also during this romantic trip as adjutant for Colonel Dillon that Doctor met the young woman who later became his first wife.

After the war Doctor Robert taught school for a while, his first school being at Chatawa, Mississippi. Then he began studying medicine, and graduated from the University of Nashville, which is now Vanderbilt University, in 1868, at the age of twenty-four. Thus over the long period of approximately half a century the hand and spirit of this noble christian doctor has ministered to human need.

At the age of sixteen Doctor Robert became a christian. He has had since that time a passion for trying to lead people to his Christ. In the year 1868, on the 10th of April, starting out on his career as a physician, Doctor set down in written words some resolutions and principles that he meant should be as lamps to guide him along his path of life; and he has lived up to these principles. This 63-year-old paper still exists, and we are privileged to print the following excerpts from it:

After years of study and preparation for the professional life, I thank God that I have been brought safely and with abundant blessings to this the commencement of my career as a Practitioner of Medicine.

On day before yesterday the 10th day of April, 1868, I came out to this location, near Pleasant Hill Baptist Church, eight miles South of Austin, Prairie County, Ark.

In contemplating my previous life, during boyhood, during the progress of the war, and during the period since its termination, I am led to exclaim (while humbly acknowledging my great sinfulness and my total unworthiness of God's mercies): "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits! . . ."

My journey of life seems now only to be fairly entered upon—it appears as I view it now, a highway laid out in perspective. And while starting out on this end of it, I here write down a few general directions for a traveler on his way to Eternity, as I have learned them by God's providence. "O send out Thy lights and Thy truths; let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles! . . ."

I am a creature of God's providence, endowed with reasoning powers and immortal spirit. The great object of my creation is found in these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; this is the first and the great commandment. And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self." I recognize the fact that in myself I cannot perform these require-

ments of my great Creator; hence, must die eternally less saved by the sacrament of His son Jesus.

J. C. ROBERT

All of us will recall the influence of Mars Hill circles the globe, but later Alexis Vinokuroff (Vin-o-kos-raff) came here to the fact that in far churia the name Mars Hill is one of profound interest native of Russia, his home just a few miles from Panza province. When to understand the significance he was converted to Orthodox church. As allowed to read the Bible priest. Mr. Vinokuroff spiritual development was an incomprehensible thing ever well satisfied with its traditions, he was to leave Russia and go to churia, as his father owned concession there that the family be not set Here he come in contact with Missionaries from was ultimately converted to new religion. It was at Sunday School, says Mr. that he realized that he world for a purpose. A could never have been him through the veil of thodoxyism. It was there to enter the Baptist ministry.

Alexis Vinokuroff Interesting Career in Russia & Mars Hill

Preposterous it seems, the influence of Mars Hill circles the globe, but later Alexis Vinokuroff (Vin-o-kos-raff) came here to the fact that in far churia the name Mars Hill is one of profound interest native of Russia, his home just a few miles from Panza province. When to understand the significance he was converted to Orthodox church. As allowed to read the Bible priest. Mr. Vinokuroff spiritual development was an incomprehensible thing ever well satisfied with its traditions, he was to leave Russia and go to churia, as his father owned concession there that the family be not set Here he come in contact with Missionaries from was ultimately converted to new religion. It was at Sunday School, says Mr. that he realized that he world for a purpose. A could never have been him through the veil of thodoxyism. It was there to enter the Baptist ministry.

Becoming zealous in the Baptists, this young the friendship of many Missionaries. For a long lent his untiring service sionary cause exclusively preached in different pan churia with his American among whom was the Re Leonard. Mr. Leonard realized the possibilities of man, and also knowing a cation to be the chief success, advised Mr. Vity come to America to study. While an Ortho Vinokuroff said he had stomatics of all types, em of becoming an ent also took three years of Harbin, not knowing at he would ever have the coming to America. "Mr says Mr. Vinokuroff, "ad come to Mars Hill, and had to overcome many order to come, that explained here."

In my interview with kuroff, he in telling his gave many interesting de cannot here be given. He Hill the following tribu persuaded that I could have better choice than to ch Hill because of the Christ phere that is prevalent on us."

"The strangest sight I was the arm of a Christian around a bum."—J. L. Hill

"The Anti-Saloon League the churches of the count together in a truce to fight question."—C. A. Upchurch

"All a man needs to pr self from the contaminatcohol is just a little bit of J. L. Hill.

"There is forsooth today bush on every campus out God speaks to those who —Charles Howard.