

# THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## SPEAKING OF SPEAKING

Whether you are to be a leading lawyer, a popular preacher, or a chic club woman, or a teacher, you will not usually stand before your audience and give your thoughts from a "set" or memorized paper. That would be impractical. It would be impractical for the lawyer to write out his arguments word for word, memorize it, and deliver it. It would be impractical for the preacher, the teacher, the club woman.

The speakers of tomorrow, now students, will use notes, although some of the more advanced are even beyond the necessity of this. It is the writer's opinion that such extemporaneous speaking is not practiced enough in the societies. This was implied in an editorial some weeks ago.

Undoubtedly a novice at public speaking needs to use some well memorized selection until stage fright is decreased, but when the speaker has become more accustomed to an audience, he should become less dependent upon a word-for-word memorization. In life he must be entirely independent of it.

The writer therefore suggests that from the more experienced speakers the societies require more extemporaneous exercises. Certainly every member before he or she graduates should make an extemporaneous talk—preferably upon some subject that would require research and would yield helpful information to the hearers.

*Here's the way to do it: speak until you are weak—then you will be a strong speaker.*

## FROM COLLEGE TO—WHAT?

Judging from the newspapers and from the recent denunciatory statements of the political candidates, one is convinced that there is a depression. With the exception of a propagandistic flood of "Bright Spots in Business" and other hyperdermics for confidence, there are few indications that the depression is nearing its close. Prosperity is probably not "just around the corner," but it is one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . or perhaps more years ahead. Who knows?

Why is all this being said? In four years every one of us will, it is reasonably expected, be out of college and into—life—depression—probably unemployment. So why get educated? Why?

The *Forum* estimates that over 300,000 of those who were graduated from college last year are now jobless. The larger universities have stopped guaranteeing positions to the members of their most restricted classes. Why go on?

Even in the depression the man who knows has a decided advantage over the one who is ignorant. And the depression will not last! We cannot foretell its end, but we can be ready for it.

What is the point to all this? Be prepared. Expect revolutionary changes. Accept them thoughtfully. Keep up with the world but do not be too eager to get ahead of it.

*Sincerity approaches insincerity as its expression is confined.*

## "NOSIN" 'ROUND

Does anyone know the whyfore of that determined look Agnes Stack is wearing?

Some days ago Frank Watson advertised for an efficient secretary. Many "efficient looking" young ladies applied, but Madge Thomas was selected. How did Frank know she was efficient?

If you want to know how dumb it makes you feel to wake up and find you've been talking in your sleep, you might ask Lily Bennett. It is reported that on the return trip from Chapel Hill she exclaimed (during her dreaming:) "Please don't hold my hand so tight." She was going on to tell more about it, but a certain member of the party who apparently was afraid she was going to tell too much, gave her a violent shake. Oh, Lily, be sure your sins will find you out!

If it were not for pictures being made for the "Laurel" where on earth would some of us girls get a likeness of our true-lovers? As it is, there's a new one in almost every room.

Isn't Icard a darling in that new toboggan?

Pete Summey has decided that it will be cheaper to buy a violin and flowing tie than to get a haircut!

Why do you suppose: Mattie Mae Houpe has decided not to buy an alarm clock?

A certain bunch of girls hang their toes off of Spilman porch after meals? Tine Shipman is so fond of boys at the Gibbs house?

Jesse Hilliard is taking such a profound interest in his personal appearance?

All this chatter was ever written??

## Lines—Assorted

By IVAGOT YOUR NUMBER  
"Give them enough line and they'll hang themselves." Some such conception of the old adage seems to exist in the masculine minds of our campus in regard to the popular pastime known as "shooting a line" to the weaker sex. Various and numerous are these so-designated "lines," but all have certain undeniable likenesses. But since men are all alike, how can a girl expect the miracle of being shot a new and different line. Most girls have heard all lines so often that they become quite adept at "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" at the proper moment without actually hearing a one of the words which flow so freely from the silvery tongue of the shooter.

One of the most popular lines employed by the stronger sex, and one that never fails to click is the I-think-you're-wonderful line. It is an understood fact that men like flattery, but women are not immune. Boys, if you really want to put yourself across in the eyes of the one girl, tell her she is your dream girl, a gift from heaven, your ideal—in short, let her know you-think-her-wonderful. And she's yours.

A very dependable line, and one that a girl is sure to encounter in three out of five dates on the campus is the I-don't-believe-in-love type. Of course, the girl knows that her cue is to convince the disillusioned and worldly male (he's usually at least sixteen) that there still exists in this world a little ray of hope.

Then there is the very effective line, coming from out Gibbs way, we believe, which goes something like this: "I've been everywhere and done everything, but I never thought there was a girl in the world like you. Most taking. Blondes, beware!"

A line to be handled with care is the I-want-to-be-a-brother-to-you type. Very good in some cases, but heaven help the sisters in this world.

Various and numerous are the lines used on the small area of earth designated as our campus. Some are amusing, some interesting, some ridiculous, and some impossible. But shoot 'em boys! We love them!

## Mars Hill— Week by Weak by Wilter Wunchell

Editor's note: Those of you who were here last year are familiar with that irresponsible playboy, Wilter Wunchell, whose column entitled, "Mars Hill—Week by Weak," was the talk of the town last year. Wilter has again been induced to take up his pen and will try to carry on in the same manner that marked his former efforts. Those of you who wish to pass on some choice gossip will find a happy medium in Wilter. Just drop your contributions, signed, in the Hilltop contribution box, and Wilter will give it prompt attention providing that its "print to fit." Okay—Wilter! Hi, hi, everybody! Back at you again with my choice bits of sophisticated scandal-gossip and my "immortal" diary. Let's turn back the pages of my chronicle and take a peep at Monday.

Monday: Br-r-ring! Alarm clock goes off with sickening wail, doing a clog dance on dresser. Decide not to get up at five to study as I vowed last night when I neglected lessons for bull session. Alarm continues to ring. I reach out from warmth of blankets into icy zone, corralling the offending clock with an iron grasp, thrusting it beneath the smothering effects of the covers to drown its heinous drone. "Ding dong!" tolls the last breakfast bell. Decide to go to breakfast for first time in weeks. Arise hastily donning only necessary wearing apparel and neglected minor details such as washing and brushing hair. Dash to dining hall and get in with last minute rush. Cream already used up for cereal. Look for waiter to send for more. See him in conference at other end of hall but can't draw his attention. Decide not to eat cereal and proceed to next course. The rest of the gluttons at the table leave me a spoonful of eggs, giving me only my coffee to fall back on, which, however, has become cold in the meantime, causing me to wish muchly that I had remained in bed. Rush up to cafe to eat. To room to get books for classes, discovering that books are gone having put up by me as security for a small loan to attend movie, and the said loan having not been repaid causing me grave concern, fearing that professors will ask where books are. Am late for class because of having put covers lengthwise across the bed and not understanding the shortness thereof. Finally, get bunk made and dash to class, walking in thirty minutes late, glancing around with assumed innocence at students who gape at me as if they had never seen a person late for class. Manage to survive remainder of classes and chapel going to lunch with the hope of getting more nourishment than was gotten by me at breakfast. Don't get much food, but manage to bribe waiter to deliver city note and feel better for having been able to corrupt kitchen help, but find later that note was delivered to wrong person, so do not feel much better. Go to after-dinner class managing to get right nice snooze and would have gotten more had not teacher been so rude as to waken me just to answer a foolish question. Go to room with avowed determination to study, finding however, when I get there that there are other things to claim my attention. Sally forth to take dip in swimming pool, but find on arrival at gym that the young maidens are holding the fort and not caring for mixed bathing I venture to Library for to do parallel, however, not getting to do parallel because of finding good magazine article. Go to room after supper to study. Hear bull session going on next door and go in with determination to break it up. Plead with boys to think of their mothers and fathers back home, who are sacrific-

## POETRY

### One Night

RUAMIE CARROLL  
One night when my  
soft  
Upon my forehead, and  
hands  
Lie folded quietly upon  
I, sitting by the falling  
Death standing by the  
Smiling down on me.

If there be any in the  
Leave us so;  
You understand,  
Do not weep;  
Merely go.  
I shall but lean my ch  
hand  
And go to sleep.

### My Bygone

LUCILLE MORRIS  
I love to sit in the sun  
When the day's hard work  
And watch the glow of na  
That comes from the sea

When the bird's sweet song  
Floats softly from the tree  
The distant rumble of the  
Bring back dim memories

So I look at the sad, far  
Of the days that are past  
I can never recall them  
over again,  
They have left with a p

## THE EVOLUTION LAUREL

(Continued from Hill  
college. For several years  
1915, the last edition of  
was sponsored by the  
class, thus serving as an  
practice was continued  
formation of the literary  
1922 which took the name  
and, as had been the custom  
Quarterly, the last edition  
lished by the seniors.  
It was in 1925 that de  
was taken to provide a  
gan for an annual. The  
publication was changed  
weekly newspaper, re  
as the Hilltop, and the  
was retained for the new  
Quarterly remains in the  
and is continued as an  
college administration.

ing that they might  
school, but the boys  
influenced by my words  
to be outdone I refuse  
until they break up. Be  
main issues of day; was  
views as to how college  
be run; and finally fall  
ing the Spilmanites. Dal  
on merits and demerits  
tain fair co-eds, some of  
not appreciating dis  
and one youth going so  
heave shoe at me for  
that his favorite wene  
right good appetite, be  
to hold her own against  
erage boys. Session ba  
by student councilma  
came in trying to bum  
To bed and dreamed th  
taking a shower, wak  
find that I had been wa  
Changed pajamas and  
locked windows, put  
gainst door and went bac  
spending the rest of  
unconsciousness.

There, gentle scandal  
a day out of my diary. Wh  
for you co-eds, but let's sto  
day. Now that we've see  
side of the picture, let's tu  
ture over and get the other  
co-ed remarked to another  
freshness of a date she had  
asked why she didn't slap  
replied that she did, but r  
the reason being that the  
generous supply of tobac  
mouth. It has been broug  
tention that Pearl Ownby  
to be an orchestra leader  
is learning to keep time so  
until the next issue—good  
don't get your noses caught  
keyholes in the meantime.