

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

Entered at the Post Office, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, Feb. 20, 1926

Member Southeastern Junior College Press Association.

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VOL. VII MARS HILL, N. C., JANUARY 14, 1933 No. 7

For The Larger Library

Were you ever in the Library trying to read—trying hard to read—when some one with a superficially polite "excuse me" crawled laboriously over you into a chair farther out the row? Some have. Were you ever deeply concentrated—delightfully concentrated and have some one politely ask your pardon as they knocked the book from the arm of your chair in passing. Some have. Were you ever intensely determined to finish that term paper or that debate if you could only spread out your data for efficient work—and find no table on which to work? Some have. Were you ever headed for the Library on a rainy afternoon ready to thoroughly enjoy your indoor work—and find every chair taken? Some have.

It was the knowledge of these circumstances that impelled those attending the alumni banquet in Charlotte last fall to declare their support to the enlargement of the Library. It was these circumstances that caused Dr. Moore to state that the next major campus improvement would be the enlargement of the Library. For these reasons the Library and Executive committees of the College approved the recommendation.

The demands for the addition are growing. Will the support meet the demands?

The New Year

The new year is like a clean white sheet upon which through the next twelve months we will write our lives—that we have heard. We have realized its truth. We have determined to write beautifully, to write carefully, and to erase seldom.

Yet this new year is not severed from the old. It is not apart and unrelated. It is a part and is related. You did not wake up January the first a new and different creature, nor were you uninfluenced by the past. Your past years dominated that first day. It dominated your thoughts, your habits, and your desires for the future.

This year will be old in twelve months. Its calendars will be discarded, but that new year will be controlled by the last. You will not have a clean white sheet to write carefully and beautifully upon. For if the book which contains those sheets was dropped to the ground, if it was handled carelessly, then its pages will be mud-stained and torn.

Yes, this year is like a clean white sheet—if the last year was.

An Unfinished Task

Did you ever see a picture that was half painted? It was ugly as a deformed being is ugly. There was something lacking, something amiss . . .

Elsewhere in this issue of the *Hilltop* is a statement of the financial status of the swimming pool. We request that you study it carefully.

The classes of 1932 and 1933, with the support of the faculty and trustees, are giving the pool to the College. Yet there are about eighty of the C-II's who have subscribed neither their room deposits nor an equivalent amount. The cost of the pool has not yet been fully paid because the full membership of the C-II class has not yet paid. Until they do pay, their task is unfinished. But we believe that they will finish it, we believe that these eighty will do their part.

The C-II class is asking its members to finish the task. Let's do it. Let's subscribe to this. Let's join those loyal students who last year gave, believing that they were promoting the growth of the College and their own development.

Let's finish the task! Let's complete the picture!

Expression Studio Gets New Furniture

A little bit of Oriental color, a little touch of French quaintness, a little note of English charm, blended with a lot of straight American comfort, make the Expression Studio one of the most attractive rooms on the entire campus. The cozy fireplace, although it is only scenery, makes one strongly reminiscent of home. The black flower-stands, foot-stools, and

candlesticks convey an exotic impression of a harem, or some such Oriental court. The real pride of the room, however, is the deep, soft Persian rug which, although it is over a week old, is still tread upon lightly by Miss Wengert's students. The new wicker furniture is enchanting, the like of which is not found elsewhere on the campus.

The studio is in truth a charming room, and a pleasant atmosphere always prevails there.

Mars Hill— Week by Week by Wilter Wunchell

Salutations, gentle readers. Here's your little pal Wilter back again with his choice morsels of gossip and nonsense, after having survived the pitfalls of the Yuletide season. You know, that's the rage now—i.e. to tell people what a simply degrading time you had during a vacation period. From all reports it seems that most of the pupils of learning kicked off the lid during the Noel period and went the full limit. We wouldn't be surprised to hear that some may even have stayed up until eleven o'clock during the holidays.

The other day two young gentlemen were walking across the campus and chanced to meet a co-ed coming from the opposite direction. Each of the lads had a greeting on the tip of his tongue, but the young lady passed by without so much as batting an eyelid, so the two youths went on their way with their salutations clinging to the roofs of their mouths.

"Whew!" exclaimed one. "Was that high-hattin' it or just plain old family pride?"

"Neither," replied his companion. "Just inferiority complex."

And though this comment was made in jest, we find a modicum of truth in it. How often do we pass someone on the campus without speaking simply because they did not speak first? Many feel that they are being high-batted because they pass unspoken to, but I would rather believe those who pass me without speaking are waiting for me to make the initial move. I fear that if every person waits for the other to speak first our campus would soon resemble a reservation for mutes; so let's try to be the first to speak even if we are snooted a few times.

The depression must have hit Kris Kringle this year because he failed to leave a diary in my sock (or maybe it slipped out through a hole), but at any rate I've been having to write my life history on my shirt cuffs this annum. Here's one I retrieved from the laundry bag:

Sat. Decided to go to breakfast for a change and hopped out of bed. Put pants on backwards and shirt wrong side out, but finally managed to get straightened out and dashed into breakfast with the rear guard. Never did care for cream of wheat so let cereal pass and not having a hunger for rice and sausage I failed to partake of that delicacy, and not seeing anything else that I cared for I twiddled my thumbs while the rest went through their gastronomic exercises. Finally, in desperation I decided to try some sausage, but my vital organs began playing "You're Driving Me Crazy," so I gave it up as a bad job and wished I was in bed. After sitting thru classes I went to dorm to do washing, but as somebody took my clothes out of the tub everytime I left them to soak, and as they blew off the line when I finally succeeded in running them thru the process of washing, I bundled them up and sent them to the laundry. As the town was deserted in the afternoon, most of the boys having gone on their weekly pilgrimage to Asheville, and as I found nothing else to do, I indulged in a bath, it being my week to take one. Dressed for date at public program after supper and because of difficulty with tie got to Spilman several minutes late. Took limelight away from those on stage as we stalked into the chapel amid the gaze of all and the catcalls from the rear . . . (This is all I could read on my cuff, the rest being blurred by having rolled up my sleeves).

We have a choice bit of rumors in store for this week. Dan Cupid is reported to have worked overtime during the holidays according to rumors rife on the campus. Did some of our youths fall victims of Cupid's shafts in moments of weakness or was it that some sweet young things were

The Comeback Kid

By S. J. JUSTICE

I had just drifted back to the city after an unprofitable tour of the middle west with my young welter hope, Lefty Bryan. To begin with, the gates had been slim, and we were barely making coffee and cake money, when what does Lefty do but up and get stopped in two rounds by Irish Tony Sappeni in Peoria. The result is that Lefty tosses in the sponge and prodigals back to his folks in Pitch Fork, Okla., while I beats it back to the metropolis, embarrassingly lacking in that good old medium of exchange, E. Pluribus Unum.

A few days later I drop in at Mike Seltzer's for a game of pool to get my mind off the Readjustment (commonly known as the Depression), and who should I meet up with but my old friend, Pat Galvin. Pat was a member of the Boxing Commission, a former glove artist, and godfather in general to the fight racket in the city.

"Well, hel—lo, Jimmy!" he booms on seeing me. "Gosh, I ain't seen you since that night they raided Dugan's. What have yuh been doin' with yer-self?"

"Why—uh, I've been—" "Oh yeah—I remember now. You've been out in the Corn Belt with a young welter. How's things been breakin' for yuh?"

I spili off the hard luck yarn. "Gash, now ain't that tough?" he sympathises. "But that's the way they go, Jimmy. Don't worry, there's plenty more good mitten slingers runnin' around loose. Blamed if I ever seen the town so full of young up-and-comers as it is now. Every home town champ from Padooka to Mudflat Corners has come up here to grab off the title and take it back to the home folks. By the way," he exclaims changing the subject, "I want to show yuh somethin' interestin'. Grab yer lid—it's only a couple blocks."

We saunter down the street talking over old times and presently come on a small park whose benches are filled with all manner of human driftwood: drunks, bums, down-and-outs, and so forth. Some are reading papers several days old; others are talking, in most cases about their tough luck; and a few sit silently speculating as to where their next meal—if any—will come from. As it is still early, many are stretched out asleep. Pat stops in front of a ragged figure huddled up on a bench with his back to us, apparently asleep.

"There," points Pat with a flourish, "lies one of the best middle-weights in the country!"

"So that's the way they're buryin' the dead now!" I jabs back sarcastically. I was put out at having to walk two blocks just to see a drunken bum stretched out on a park bench. "Say, Pat, are you tryin' to pull one of your old gags, or are you just plain off your nut?" With that I pivots around and starts off.

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," he pleads. I ain't kiddin' a bit—honest I ain't. I admit he don't look so hot right now, but you oughta see him in a ring."

"Say, if I was to see that palooka in a ring I'd consult a optometrist." Glancing at the figure on the bench, I continues, "I reckon that's the way he trains—flat on his back—a very fittin' posture I must say." The subject of the discussion heaves forth a vociferous snore and I adds bitingly

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taking a last minute advantage of Leap Year? At any rate it appears that some of our promising young manhood have laid aside their freedom for the matrimonial shackles. The Gibbs boys are bemoaning the fact that one of their number, a dashing young aviator, swooped down and made off with the sweetie of one of his house mates, and after a few stunts and some high flying did the matrimonial loop, following it with a forced landing. The bereft suitor predicts, however, that they will go into a tailspin before long . . . And outside of the fact that Ed Bunkum is a holy terror with the visiting females that is all the gossip for this time.

POETRY

Sonnet

I shall not weep about more—
Not that I bear no heart,
But I have closed with
that door
Upon my grief, and it
I shall not grieve for you
are dead,
My dull and heavy heart
is bent
In utter subjugation to
My grief is hid, and I
tent.
But what if in the day
spair
My sadness like a bolt
should thrust
A pale green shoot into
And nourish it with
to dust:
Would this dull heavy
travail bring
My sorrow into power in
RUAMIE CARROLL

A New Year

Old Father time is mighty
And makes his program
The pages of our life
As lived from year to year
The many things we must
To brand our lives success
The many knocks we must
To warrant happiness.

A New Year means an
Forgetting days of strife
Just letting laughter talk
Within our daily life.

Now that a New Year
To offer those who see,
Straight forward to the
Their "OPPORTUNITY."
FRANK

Prayer

Father, now my knees I
For a while in prayer to
Jesus, help me to be pure
Help me keep my tongue
Help me through the whole
To help all those who
Help me love thy will to
Help me all the whole
Give me knowledge, faith,
May I always look above
Keep me, Father, close to
Help me, God, my best
—EVELYN

"NOSIN" 'RO

The girls seem to have
vantage of the last days
Several Mars Hillians,
jumped off into the bottom
of the holy bonds of marriage.

Scruggs and Flack
Hill! They got lost in
night during the holiday
ered straight to Spilman.

Could it be that Dick
is trying to be a second
Gable? Why else would
the same movie four times
Rogers made a special
the same picture!

Queer, isn't it—how
girls have developed a
cordian music?

Do you suppose that
Johnson's taste for child
veloped during childhood?

Helen Ingram is in
childhood—she has grown
lieve in Santa again. How
one could hardly blame
he came all the way
South Carolina to—
fill her stocking!

Echos from 210 Spil
those happy, hectic, mo
chaperoned hours in Win
the occupants insane or