

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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REPORTERS: Gholston Myrick, Alma Reid, Dorothy Tutt and Pearl Ownby.
CONTRIBUTORS: Walter Wunchell, Pearl Ownby, Evelyn Morgan and Ed Bunker

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An Advertisers' Accusation

It is the opinion of a number of our best advertisers that Mars Hill students and faculty are patronizing house to house salesmen and mail order houses. The business management of the Hilltop has received every courtesy from our advertisers, and we wish to discourage long distance buying when our advertisers deserve your patronage. When trading in Asheville mention that you are from Mars Hill and the task of soliciting ads will be greatly lightened. Students this is your paper and our advertisers help make it possible; so let's do all we can to manifest the same spirit of cooperation to them that they have given us.

C. B. JONES, Business Manager.

Rain—And A Hill

If one stands in the center of the circle near the flagpole and looks southwest between the Music building and Treat, one sees a healthy hill with a few scattered trees crowning it. When the sun shines on the hill all day long and then softly slides behind it, the trees show up darkly against the rosy glow and the entire place looks peaceful and still. Then the rain comes, and the sky hangs heavy and gray over the hill. The trees appear bare and twisted against the drab sky. The rain beats upon it mildly at first, then in a dull, steady monotone. But no matter how narrow the wind blows or how heavy the rain falls the hill stands every bit as steadfast as it did in the warm sun.

To A Class

Much of the world contracts in these abnormal times; Mars Hill is expanding. It is expanding as the spirit of Mars Hill students expands. The subscription of approximately \$750.00 by the C-1 class for the enlargement of the Library is a splendid illustration of this. We commend the most excellent cooperation which the proposal has been accorded. May the trend continue.

To Another Class

It is usually easier to remember—and to act—while in a class-meeting where payment for the swimming pool is being discussed. Yet the gift probably would be more appreciated if the donor goes personally to the Bursar and arranges for the transfer of room-rent to the fund for the pool. Have you arranged for that transfer?

Some Prophecies Listed

At commencement a few students, carefully selected by the dean of a university, were interviewed as prospects for corporation positions. The interviewer, surprised that none were satisfactory, queried the dean. The finest students, he learned, had been engaged six months before.

This incident was related recently in the *Forbes* magazine in an article discussing the college student and the world he was about to enter. This angle was surprising, especially since the depression was upon the land. Yet the same subject, vital to every student, is now receiving considerable discussion in leading periodicals. The following articles are available at the Library:

- Thornquest, C. J.: "Getting Down to Earth," *Forum*, July, 1932, 60ff.
- Forum*, supplement 12ff., June, 1932.
- "Three Young Men State Their Cases," (a symposium) *Scribblers*, December, 1932, 366ff.
- Hale, W. H.: "Address to Young Men," *Scribblers*, August, 1932, 85ff.
- Huston, McCready: "The Young Men Answer," *Scribblers*, October, 1932, 219ff.
- Munro, W. B.: "Cheap Bread and Costly Brains," *Atlantic*, December, 1932, 733ff.
- Sprague, J. R.: "Note for \$6,000," *New Outlook*, October, 1932, 40ff.
- Erskine, J.: "Our College Degree Tag," *Review of Reviews*, July, 1932, 45ff.
- Beatty, R. C.: "Word for the Colleges," *Forum*, August, 1932, 112ff.
- Forbes, A. W.: "Wanted, College Graduate," *Forum*, July, 1932, supplement 10ff.

Mars Hill— Week by Week by Wilter Wunchell

Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen! This is Station B-L-A-H, presenting Wilter Wunchell, that irrepressible gossip gatherer who first saw the light of day through a key hole and has been looking through one ever since. Mr. Wunchell has been unavoidably detained in Asheville; so we will transfer controls to him there. O—Kay! Asheville! Take it away, Wilter!

Heigh-de-ho! friends. Its nobody but your little pal, Wilter, slinging his beloved earth (dirt) at you.

And still the wedding bells ring out . . . It seems that in spite of all the warnings that can be posted on the rugged road to matrimony, that there are still those who insist on taking the plunge. Well, Miss Rutherford and I have done our best by you, but there are those who must try it for themselves. Wedding bells may be sweet music to some people, but to Mrs. Wunchell's young son, Wilter, they are just the opening bell for an eternal battle.

I'll wager that some of the co-eds are wishing that Spilman Home maintained a smoking room. Well girls, remember that nature in the raw is seldom gentle, and when you get caught, be nonchalant—offer one to the teacher.

This columnist has decided to swear off slinging mud at the dining hall. I notice that the ones who do the biggest share of the kicking are not affected by the so-called punkness of the food enough to be kept from ranking on the first row when it comes to stowing away the chow. The food is swell, first-rate, wonderful—in fact, its almost appetizing, but there I go again. From now on I'm going to take it out on the waiters and lay off the food—that is, from a literary aspect.

Speaking of waiters, we have the best bunch of waiters this year that I have ever seen—they just keep waiting to bring out the food. But where could a more formidable array of hash toters be found than in that group that boasts such plate pilots as the irresponsible "Stud" Posey, the incompatible "Big Shot" Myrick, and the incomprehensible "Sister" Whitesides? Not to mention that irresistible head dessert-snatcher, John McGeehee, who believes that an extra dessert in the hand is worth a dozen under the table.

Here are a few items picked up through key-hole interviews and by tuning in on Spilman gab sessions—The gals just will talk, you know.

I'm wondering what this phrase, "The British are coming," means anyhow. I've been informed that it makes a most appropriate pass word—How about that, Bethea? They say it should be posted on a well known music room door—these Hendersonville week ends—my, my!

I've always known that dates grow in trees, but it took a well known lass from Hendersonville to prove that a date in a tree is worth several in the Sunparlor. Maybe it was another attempt at tree sitting, but I prefer to believe that something got her "up a tree." Are you listening, Garnette?

It has been brought to my attention that the annual Lionel Flack Valentine box of candy will be given away shortly. Line up, gals, only one more week left; so do yer derndest. However, we'll place our money on—oh well, tsk, tsk! Tutt, Tutt! again.

(This is a typical and dyed-in-the-wool Spilman argument. Listened to, verified and authenticated by the Spilman news bureau.) Christine: Well, you've been walking on my rug all year! Lily: That's nothing! You've

Beginning—New Mystery Thriller

FLUNKY, THE FRESHMAN
By S. J. JUSTICE

Flunky DeTess was in college; to be specific, in Seknowledge College. He was just another freshman—nothing particularly outstanding about him except that he was a very average athlete, had an insomniating crush on the campus belle, Ella Jabillity, and could flunk a course as well as the next fellow.

Flunky had not gone out for football because he feared that it would take to much time from his studies and his target practice—shooting the bull. One night during the winter when he was holding down the family arm chair at his "big moment's" Ella ups and says:

"Flunky, deah, did you ever go in for sports much? You know, you are so modest that you never tell me anything about yourself. You are so-o big and st-rong that you ought to make a won-derful athlete."

"Well Babe," says Flunky. "I use to be right much of an athlete back in my high school days, but since I hit college I ain't had no time for athletics."

"Have you ever played basketball?" questions Ella.

"Well some," admits Flunky. "I was the center for four years at dear old Bee Log."

"How gr-and! You must go out for the varsity. They would have a simply mar-velous team if they had a center. Flunky, darling, if you would play center we might even beat our traditional rivals—Hoosis University. You owe it to your Alma Mater, you know, and besides, I would be dread-fully pr-oud of you!"

"Gee kid, since you put it that way I guess you're right," gives in Flunky. "But I might get behind in my lessons and you know what a deuce of a time I'm having with 'rithmatic."

"Oh I know what we can do!" busts out Ella. "If you'll go out for the team, I'll work your problems for you."

"Okeh Babe," comes back Flunky. "You've made a deal. I'll go out tomorrow."

Flunky glances at his Timegersoll and says: "Well sweet-heart, it's nine-thirty, I better be checkin'. Gimme a good-night kiss and I'll ankle over to the dorm and translate a coupla pages of Ballyhoo."

"Nothing doing, big boy," says Ella pushing him away. "You'll get no more kisses from me until you are playing regular center on the team." With that she shuts the front door, after pushing him out of it.

After two weeks of practice Flunky takes control of the center berth and soon becomes a mainstay in the team's offensive, leading them to vic-

(Continued on page 4)

been sitting on my trunk all year, too!

This Young girl seems to be making a collection of sorrel-tops—not Sar-ah, but Reem-ah. We can't tell whether Jarvis or Leister has the inside track, but who knows, a dark horse, rather a red-head, might bob up. There's still Billy Wright, you know. Red hair seems to have its attraction. Pass the mercurio-chrome, please!

This columnist cannot refrain from paying a passing tribute to those of our number who have withdrawn quietly from our midst for reason's of the school officials' in the past few days. They pass in review, Dills, Icard, Hodges, Vereen, Moore, Nanne, Pigg, Vincent, Church and others. But heavens help the school that should happen to get Dills, Icard, Vereen, and Nanney all together. These lads were irrefutably the best bull shooters ever gathered on one campus. But I shouldn't talk about the departed. So ladies and gentlemen this is Wilter Wunchell, who was brought up to believe that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, and a swift kick turneth away book agents," now signing off. At the first tinkle of the cow gong it will be exactly the end of the dating period, D. Rutherford Standard time.

POET

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Remember, pal, I'm for
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The City

FRANK HUN
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L. Haynes, Lois Haynes, M
gins, C. Jackson, F. Johnson
Keller, L. Kirkpatrick, R.
rill, M. Morris, J. McCurr
J. McIntosh, E. Nanney,
O'Hearn, J. Purser, R. R
E. Shipman, G. Shipman, T.
H. Squires, A. Stack, H. St
F. Van Sant, F. Watson, L
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Three Meets B
For Debate

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