

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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 Typists WILLIAM CHAMBERS, ELIZABETH SHIPMAN
 REPORTERS: Gholston Myrick, Alma Reid, Dorothy Tutt and Pearl Ownby.
 CONTRIBUTORS: Wilter Wunchell, Pearl Ownby, Evelyn Morgan, and Ed Bunker.

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A Reply

An editorial appearing in the last issue of the Hilltop entitled "Is It A Home?" occasioned some pointed discussion. Thus, we believe, it fulfilled a purpose of an editorial.

The unfavorable comments, perhaps, have been based upon a faulty evaluation to some extent at least. When considered as representative of Mars Hill campus life, the misdemeanors discussed in the editorial highly misrepresent the situation. The picture thus represented is incomplete. Only an undesirable phase of the actual condition has been magnified. The larger and really desirable sector has been ignored. It is the fact that the misdemeanors criticized were *not* truly representative that compelled our criticism. Because this was an undesirable part of the picture we sought to impel its eradication.

It has been suggested that we should not publish our faults to outsiders. The Hilltop is predominantly a campus paper. Its duty is predominantly toward campus problems. By far the most of its readers are directly associated with the dormitory problem discussed. We believe our greatest duty is toward our greatest constituency. Because our constituency was definitely interested in the dormitory problem, and because the Hilltop is definitely in contact with them we publish the editorial.

We appreciate the interest aroused by the article. We realize that we are subject to mistakes. We can only correct them after an interested friend points them out to us. We shall consider the suggestions made in the future—we thank you for the ones already made.

Our Request

The indications are that this will be the only special alumni issue of the Hilltop this year. We regret that this is the case. We wish that the scope of the paper were enlarged to include not only the campus constituency of the College but also the alumni. Their interests are, to some extent, the same.

If the Hilltop at regular intervals—quarterly or monthly—were devoted to alumni welfare it would rightfully become not only a campus institution, but also an alumni organ. This is a dream. It may be one of those good things that are never accomplished. It may be that a separate graduate publication would be preferable. But we are eager to offer Hilltop pages to alumni use if deemed wise.

We are not aggressive in this project. We do not want to encourage something unwanted. We are, however, extremely willing and unreservedly ready to cooperate with former students in this, as in other, respects insofar as it does not seriously conflict with campus obligations and insofar as we are financially able.

Is this offer unwanted?

Does it appeal to you? We will meet you half way. It is your move.

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The staff, in preparation for this issue, mailed several letters requesting information. The returns have been highly satisfactory for our purpose. We feel that in this instance—and in others—it would be impossible to carry on suitably except for outside cooperation. A college without helpful graduates would have its activities and scope amputated. It would be a deformed, incomplete institution.

Ninety-Nine Out of a Hundred

Youth lives chiefly in the present; chapel speakers often deal with the future.

The vague dreams, hopes, and aspirations of youth are concerned with a future that is only a mind image. Dreams that should be directed, but nevertheless—dreams.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred chapel speakers address their message to youth. Ninety-nine out of a hundred chapel speakers give youth worthy ideals, splendid suggestions, sage advice—for the future. They speak of the "day to come," "the great beyond," and the "out there." These dawning days simply do not exist for the average student. He has not the slightest idea where "out there" is. And advice for that time, no matter how sound, falls upon ears that prompt little immediate action.

Mars Hill— Week by Week by Wilter Wunchell

Well, gentle readers, they have served notice on me that this will be my last chance to sling mud because the new staff will take charge next issue. Well, all good things must come to an end sooner or later, I have heard. I'll try to shower a little dirt on everybody this time for a parting remembrance, but don't feel hurt if I happen to overlook you.

What do you think of a young man who would stand in front of a drug store in Greensboro and drink a Coca-Cola in the presence of five young ladies without offering them one? Evidently the young ladies didn't think so much. But perhaps he was remembering an old Mars Hill regulation which states that the co-eds are not to partake of such strong drinks as Coca-Cola. Git up, Bo-mar!

It seems that Myrick and Norden will have competition from a new angle Owens to the fact that a certain young gentleman visited the girls' society the other day and provided the inspiration for the singing of "A Farewell to Arms", by a certain blonde member of the Cliopaters.

We recently heard of the unique way in which a fair co-ed handles her city note correspondence. After she has received a note from each of her many suitors, she places them all in a hat, shakes them up, draws them out and readdresses them and sends them back. I understand that the system is working well, so far, but I shudder to think what would happen if one of the competitors received the same note he sent.

Faded Winter Loves

Flack and
McRorie and
Saray and

Bill Leister has constructed a 440 track around the lower tennis courts. He may be seen running wildly most any afternoon after tennis balls which Rema missed while observing his antics.

This "Twilight Promenade" is just about the hottest thing out. A few more social privileges along this nature and we might be able to kid ourselves into believing that we were somewhere other than Mars Hill. I understand that it is to be a weekly affair, which is okeh by your correspondent, but it wouldn't hurt my feelings if it were to be made a nightly affair. And while we are evolving it why not make it compulsory? Who knows but what two hearts that beat as one might be brought together through such arrangements. However, one great danger looms: It is heart rending to see such great lovers as Pearl and Fox or Nestor and Johnny torn from each other by the "Patrol," Mrs. Burnett.

Buck says that women are like street cars, but he missed connections in Chapel Hill.

May we all pause a moment in silent tribute to Bill Moore, the great "silent lover." We don't know whether this is a new kind of line or not, but it must be good. "Silent Cal" managed to get by on it, anyway.

Your columnist hereby nominates the Hilltop staff party for first honors as the ritziest social blowout of the season. The moon was just right, the stars shimmered their encouragement, the atmosphere was perfect . . . and a good time was had by several.

Patient followers, my fingers droop meditatively over the keys as I prepare to peck off this final paragraph. For two years it has been my privilege to bring you in each issue this column which is commonly known (Continued on page 3)

"THE ROBOTS"

By S. J. JUSTICE

Chapter 4

"Yes," echoed little Scrammy Robot. "Where can Papa and Mama be found?"

"They didn't leave a forwarding address when they left," said Sammy mechanically, "and I am sure that I haven't the slightest idea as to their whereabouts. However," he added, "I shall turn on my brain and see if I can possibly think of the solution."

Sammy twisted his left ear and a peculiar drone was heard within his little block head. The buzzing continued for the space of several minutes and then Sammy tweaked his ear disgustedly and the noise ceased.

"My cerebellum simply refuses to function!" he moaned. "But let us get in our mechanical car and ride until we find them. Maybe it will be mechanically drawn to the place where Mama and Papa are."

So little Sammy and Scrammy set out in their mechanical car in search of their Papa and Mama.

In the meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Adam and Eve a la Crusoe had completed the first leg of their honeymoon jaunt, reaching San Francisco on the night of April 9. As they drove down Market St. in a cab, Mr. a la Crusoe noted a huge sign which hung across the entire width of the street bearing the following information: "Welcome back Prosperity with legal beer—at Hottendorfer's Beer Garden—3.2 beer and wine at popular prices."

"Well, Mama," states Mr. Adam a la Crusoe. "I feel as though there would be no better way to inaugurate our honeymoon than with a few steins of honest-to-goodness beer. What say you?"

"You're calling it, Papa," she replies coyly.

They made their way to the garden and were soon seated at a table in a cosy little nook. A German waiter, wreathed in smiles, approached them. "Ach! my goot friends. Vat vill it be?"

"The best in the house!" ordered Mr. a la Crusoe.

At that time Sammy and Scrammy, driving aimlessly, were slowly winding their way into the outskirts of San Francisco.

Chapter 5

SARA CORPENING

As they neared the city limits Sammy and Scrammy went over an unforeseen bump and several of their most necessary screws fell out.

"Oh, oh," cried Sammy.

"Oh, oh," cried Scrammy. "We are losing our screws! What will become of us?"

"Perhaps we can hold everything until we get to San Francisco" encouraged Sammy. "Sit tight!"

They passed over the other bumps without undue damage and finally arrived in San Francisco. They saw the banners announcing the return of prosperity and the arrival of beer.

Upon reading it Scrammy jumped up and down, for joy and four bolts and six screws proceeded to fall out. "Oh Scrammy, you are falling apart," cried Sammy.

"Yes, I guess I'm losing my hold on things," Scrammy replied mournfully.

"Well, come in here, and have a glass of beer and you will feel better," suggested Sammy.

So they stopped at the first beer garden they came to, which was in the rear of a filling station and proceeded to thread their way to a table.

After gallantly downing several glasses of beer, Scrammy suddenly sprang to his feet. He rose so suddenly that several more screws and bolts fell out. His mechanical brain had conceived an idea!

"Niagara Falls!" he cried. Niagara Falls! Why didn't we think of that before! Of course they're gone to Niagara Falls!"

Chapter 6 (conclusion)

HAZEL HERNDON

But no sooner than the steel words had fallen from Scrammy's screwed mouth, Sammy gave a jump and bolted toward a back table where side

POETRY

Ho

Push

Bth

A place of refuge

Where honesty

A place of comfort

While smuggled

A place where tender

To learn life's

A place where

Despite the fact

A place in ruin

The many years

A place where

The backbone

A place where

To enter in

'Tis Spring.

The song of

A dash of

And Mr. Squirrel

Over soft, brown

'Tis Spring.

An Oak, bearing

Sweethearts

Branches flourish

For the first

'Tis Spring.

By C. B. Jones

Life is what I

For I command

It's my own, I

So let the fierce

If I make use

To aid my

I have no fears

The winds, my

I have no fear

I've let by-gones

For I must face

Without a tear

by side a-sipping

Mama Adam and

their iron hands

bolt on top of the

table.

"Oh Papa and

found our Papa and

ed Sammy and

squeaky voice.

Mr. and Mrs. A

Crusoe unwound

drew them from the

clasped the two

Robots to their

and placed most

upon their fast

un-

"Why my dear

culated Papa

'Wherever did

"Boo-hoo-hoo,"

little Messers

fell plop-ploping

beer that was

at the edge of the

"Boo-hoo-hoo,"

ma. "Our lovely

cannot go on. The

to go back home."

By and by all

little beer garden

"washer" tears

place began to

quiver. Then a

bitter

swept it clean

of a

four Robots

clam-

lizzie, screwed

the

ways, and rattled

screws, nuts and

kn-

against the other

and

familiar tune

of

Home."