

B. Y. P. U.

STUDY COURSES

Have Creditable Regular Attendance

The eight B. Y. P. U. study courses came to a close Friday morning after a week of concentrated work. Mr. Wood's course "Our Doctrines" led in attendance with an enrollment of ninety-four. Seventy students studied "Wisdom In Soul Winning" under Mr. McLeod. "General Organization," taught by Mr. Starnes, enlisted forty-one students. Under Dr. Moore sixty-four students studied "Pilgrim's Progress." Thirty-two students were taught "Training In Church Membership," by Mr. Hearn. In Mr. Ivey's course "Investments In Soul Winning," thirty-nine students enlisted. The course "Missions Our Missions" conducted by Miss Bowden enrolled five students. Mr. Mashburn taught "Senior Administration" to forty-seven students. The Associate B. Y. P. U. Director, Miss Poles, stated that the work had been a great success, and that the teachers should be commended for the interesting way the courses were presented.

AN EVENING MEAL AT SPILMAN

By Jack Hodges

The five o'clock bell has finished its last, long resounding rap and the chimes die away very slowly. Already the boys are beginning those last, few minute "bull-sessions" in small groups around and in front of Spilman. They each want a synopsis on everything in general which they might have missed during the day. The gossip about certain girls is eagerly heard, as well as the complimentary facts, to be weighed on the scale of criticism, placing each in a certain part of the mind to be recalled at some other time.

It isn't long until you see boys

coming from the gymnasium with their hair slicked back, or not combed at all, and with a sparkling, new look, as if they had just arisen. These lads are the fall heroes of the campus, so dead tired they can hardly walk; for they are bruised, skinned, charley-horsed, and very hungry; in fact, the pangs of hunger are almost unbearable. They may talk for a moment to someone, but the eyes are turned toward the entrance of the dining hall.

Finally the bell lets out a toll and the rush is on. Presently everyone gets in and silently stands beside a chair waiting for the blessing to be given. Then a loud, scraping noise is made by the chairs being pulled from the table, and by the jingling and clanging of plates and silverware. The huge bowls are passed, first to the girls (and some of them are heavy eaters, too), and then to the boys, the last one of which gets barely enough. After each person has filled his plate to his own satisfaction a conversation will begin between a couple, while some diners calmly transport food to the mouth with both hands, in order to supply that eager demand and never speak or make a move except with an overloaded fork or spoon to the mouth.

A loud clang is heard and silence once more prevails as the head-waiter makes an announcement which does not concern you or anyone you know.

Then a very small bell is heard and everyone jumps to his feet and dives for the door to get out and stand in front of Spilman to see, and to be seen, by the girls as they come rushing out, where they just walk up and down the street and sneak glances at certain boys. This feeling of egoism is finally satisfied as the bell rings for study hour and each person retires to his room for a "bull-session," study, or for sleep.

These two hours—the late afternoon and early evening—are repeated for nine months and never seem to grow old.

Patronize the Hilltop Advertisers. Read all the advertisements.

C-1 DREAMS COME TRUE

Alas! The dream of the freshman has come true. On Saturday, September 30, the hope of the freshman became a reality. At 2:00, the C-1 Class assembled in front of Spilman prepared for the hike to Bailey. At last, we were to experience our first trip to Bailey. To everyone, it was an occasion looked forward to with much expectation.

After answering the roll call and listening to a few last-minute instructions from our chaperones, Miss Boswell and Mr. McLeod, we started on our much anticipated but much dreaded journey. We knew what a task it would be, but we were determined to enjoy it to the fullest extent. Since only a few of the boys knew the route we were to take, Bill Leister was chosen to lead us. We started from the gymnasium and took the road out by Mr. J. B. Huff's. We continued on this road and after crossing a stream or two and stumping a few toes, we reached the point where we were to change routes for the second time. This change was the beginning of the extreme mountain climb which was to continue until we reached our destination. Preparing for this, we equipped ourselves with sticks, found by the wayside, to make it a bit easier to climb. Later, we were happy at the thought of having these, for they proved to be a great help in ascending the mountain.

After about fifteen minutes of walking, we were at the foot of Bailey, looking up with delight and fear. But we did not mind, because we were consoled with the thought that before many hours we could look back and admire Nature in all her beauty and glory. With this thought in mind, we started toward our goal.

Through fields, brush, and forests; over fences and logs, we traveled at the quickest possible pace—and before we realized it, we were standing on top of Bailey, admiring the beautiful scenery for miles about us. Quite naturally, the first thing we did was find a place where we could sit and rest our weary bodies. At last, we were there, but how we would ever regain enough energy to go back was more than we knew.

While the girls were resting, the boys gathered wood and built a fire. This was the beginning of the most important part of the hike—the eating. By the time the fire was roaring, everyone had reached the top and Miss Boswell had begun preparing the food. Before very long, everyone was satisfying his hunger with the delicious roasted weiners, boiled eggs, and marshmallows.

After the food had been devoured, and the fire had been quenched, we started on our way down the other side of the mountain. This was the route we were to follow returning home. When going down the steepest part of the decline, the trees were a great help in saving us from tumbling head first down the mountain. This we realized before going very far. But before long, we were through slipping and sliding and were ready to walk for several miles.

About 7:15, we reached the dear old Mars Hill campus. After studying a bit and telling each other of the wonderful trip, we were ready to lie down and be tucked away in the arms of Morpheus.

It was a most delightful and enjoyable trip for everyone and we sincerely hope that it won't be very long until we can hike to Bailey again.

—Marion McManus.

Marie McNeil, graduate of 1931 and leader in college activities, is teaching in the graded school of Champion, N. C., her home.

READER'S CORNER

(If you don't like the way we write a story, write your own here.)

C-II PICNIC WAS WELL ATTENDED

Hikers Go To Swinging Bridge; Supper Served On Ground

The C-2 Class hiked to Swinging Bridge Saturday, September 31, for its first picnic of the year.

Swinging Bridge is about four miles from Spilman porch usually, but according to unrevealed persons the mileage must be something around fourteen.

A picnic supper was served to the travelers. It consisted of the usual picnic delicacies. Before the supper, some waders, led by Miss Sara Young and Mr. Bill Martin, enjoyed a foot-splashing in the stream which babbles below the bridge.

Chaperones for the picnic were Mrs. Burnett and Mr. King.

Songbirds Prepare To Spread Wings

This year the chorus is planning to use its legs as well as its voice. Plans are being formulated for several trips this season.

These trips are taken, not only for the training of the students, but also for the publicity of the school.

It is reported that the chorus is the best in the history of the school. A decided interest is being shown by the members. Those who sing satisfactorily will be given a monogram.

Miss Coon, the director, seems highly elated at the prospects. Mr. King, popular new facultyite, has been elected business manager of the organization.

The first public appearance of the chorus in the current season will be on the Founder's Day program.

NEW S. S. OFFICERS INSTALLED AT IMPRESSIVE RITE

The beautiful and inspirational Sunday School Installation Service held in the church auditorium October 1 was conducted by Mr. R. M. Lee.

The first program consisted of three talks. The first, "My Responsibilities and Privileges as a Sunday School Teacher," was discussed by Miss Wingert. "What I Expect of my Sunday School Teacher" was the subject of the talk of H. Clay Cox. Mr. Lee spoke on the topic, "My Responsibilities as a Sunday School Superintendent." After these addresses, Virgil, Julia, and H. Clay Cox sang a special number. The service was brought to a close when all Sunday School teachers and officers came to the front while Pastor Olive offered a prayer of dedication.

Dr. Sams Reads Eulogy

Dr. Robert had no trouble adjusting the livery of Heaven. He had in his makeup all ingredients of a saint,

The faith of a child,
The obedience of a slave,
The purity of a virgin,
The guilelessness of Nathaniel,
The meekness of Moses,
The patience of Job,
The religious fervor of Peter,
The loyalty of Jonathan,
The love of John.

With such as he there is no death. What seemed so is transition. He went to sleep in blindness and awoke in the effulgence of glory. He went to sleep reading Revelation and awoke with all things revealed.

Note: Read by Dr. Sams at funeral services of Dr. Robert.

lower cases

in peering around through our stormy weather eye we saw that elsie chiles and kathryn hollownot so well have gone pfttt but one melting doesn't make a whole winter.

tommie merrill is so up in the air that he wears an aviator's uniform all the time.

our opinion of dot messer has changed since she had a date with james graves and then graves reposed in the infirmary for two weeks.

wanted: one set of wave combs for garlan hamrick.

bill nettles has a great reputation for gaining ground, but alice early claims that she held him for two hours on a date last night with less than a foot to go.

lost: one tongue, if found please return to mary c. cornwell.

bunker might have been a cradle snatcher but that baby rocked the cradle on his toes. couldn't he have a-voided that?

we are not inquisitive but we would like to know if jarvis lawrence is taking stuttering lessons in order that his iris not aroused against him.

we didn't know that the telephone office had been converted into a barber shop, but that's the impression we got when pauline wall shaved bob scruggs the other day.

dash early was completely undone when stout weakened saturday nite before he had escorted her safely to spilman and she had to hoof it out alone. a close shave for the barber.

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