

# 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.

## STAFF

Editor	ROBERT BURNETT
Associate Editor	HILDRITH SQUIRES
Managing Editor	MARK TAYLOR ORR
State Editor	Open
Religious Editor	EVELYN MORGAN
Sports Editor	BILLY WRIGHT
Society Editor	Alma Reid
Alumni Editor	FRANCES BURNETT
Poetry Editor	Open
Intercollegiate Editor	BILL MARTIN
Faculty Adviser	JOHN A. MCLEOD
Business Manager	VANCE HARDIN
Circulation Manager	ROBERT SCRUGGS

VOL. VIII MARS HILL, N. C., NOVEMBER 1, 1933 No. 3

## The Football Team

Hours of work a day, a slap on the back if it wins, a kick in the pants if it loses are what a football team usually reaps during the course of a season. We are writing of teams whereon are not found more "ringers" than a horseshoe artist can pitch in a hour. And of schools where new courses aren't constructed for brainless brawn.

The Mars Hill football team has the brightest hope that it has had in years for the state junior-college championship. No conference games have been lost. There have been few serious injuries. The line is heavy, the backfield is heady. Spirit seems to be running high with everyone except the students. The team can continue to win if we give it our support.

Much credit is due these football boys who "put out" all season and get in return probably only a notice that they will be on the delinquent list if they don't pass so many hours of scholastic work.

College football should be an inspirational game. The students by their cheering and wholehearted support can supply that inspiration. Mars Hill College has a winning team. Can we support it? Let's make the Lion roar victory.

## The College Park

Numerous visitors to our campus have remarked upon the beauty of Mars Hill. This is true, but we should not complacently nod our heads and keep our arms folded. The mountains here are like a beautiful bowl containing Mars Hill as its delicious ingredients, which have become rather settled. A little stirring would bring out the full flavor of the contents.

To continue the method one spoon we would offer is the purification and beautification of the Cascades. This plot of ground was beautified to some extent last year. A spring was cleaned out. A picnic ground was cleared. Benches, tables, and paths were built to accommodate the picnickers and strollers. But the main objection to the Cascades has not been cleared. This is the fact that the sewage of Mars Hill flows into the stream above the Cascades. One cannot become—or two either—very romantic or even joyous with the pungent odor of sewerage system penetrating his nostrils at every dilation.

It seems entirely feasible that the sewage could be run into the stream some distance below the Cascades site. This would, of course, necessitate extra piping and other arrangements, but the improvement would be worth much more than the trouble and expense. If the water were purified, then the stream and adjacent land could be beautified by the proper persons.

In the past, the Cascades has been the rendezvous of the now "canned" soup lines. But the beautification and purification of this secluded spot will mean not only a return of the pleasant Sunday afternoons' experience by many graduates but also the first step in the stairway of external improvements of Mars Hill College.

## "Save The World From Democracy"

A drunken traveler recently mumbled the title to this paragraph. He was telling the truth and didn't know it, for that is what we have been doing for years. There is truth in one man's statement that we fought the war to save the world from democracy and came pretty near doing it. Since then American government has been tending toward centralization of power. The question of whether a government should be of the people or for the people has interrogated the minds of men for ages.

Ninety-eight per cent of the people are beset by "Ergophobia" or laziness. The other two per cent must of necessity govern or there would be anarchy.

When a monarchy, China prospered, but she has had to ride around in an armored car since embracing a democratic form of government. Italy has bounded forward in international affairs and improved internally since Mussolini has changed the national anthem to "I've Got You in the Palm of my Hand." Sick Mexico has been breaking out regularly with revolutions since she ousted her dictator. America has taken a pill of centralized power for the depressed feeling she has had the last few years. Is she attempting to "save the world from democracy?"

The biggest tattler of all—time—will only tell.

*"Those who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed."*

## Before The Doxology

Have you ever sat in the rear of a church building and watched the various persons who for one reason or another enter its portals? One should never complain of the sermon if he takes notice of these may-be worshippers as they stroll, saunter, march, stalk, trudge, amble, streak, poke, anything but walk naturally down the aisle. A veritable study in moods is afforded the onlooker. Where can one witness as motley an array of people who in such a varied manner gain the sanctity of their pews? Just another manifestation of the individuality of religion. But what individuals.

Here stalks a poor soul broken no doubt from insomnia. He thinks that he can find rest and peace sitting on a hard bench, when what he needs is a soft-mattressed bed with a fan overhead. This one gains a seat next to the window where he mumbles his own misery. One study—flickered past, then gone.

Casting squinted glances from usher to pew, from pew to usher, a bespeckled specimen wanders in tracked by his wife and youthful daughter. When the family is ushered to a seat, the choice has to be relayed from father to mother and from mother to daughter. By the time the daughter has the site of worship well in mind, her father has decided that a pew a little nearer the pulpit is much more preferable. So the trek begins all over again. Another study—come and gone.

A stalwart stripling attempting to be nonchalant swaggers down the aisle. A pale grin inhabits his face as he attempts to retain self-composure. He chooses a partly occupied pew, stumbles over a plump lady's feet in gaining his seat, and blushes crimson. When he is seated, the boy looks down at his hands, unties then ties his shoes, anything but look up.

Look what the aisle is adorned with now. Here is what we've been waiting for—but, oh, everybody is rising to sing the Doxology.

## J. M. ENGLAND

(Continued from page 1)

and intercollegiate debater. He is now attending Wake Forest while Leonard having finished State is in the textile business at Union Bleachery, South Carolina.

Since arriving in Mars Hill, Mr. and Mrs. England have been staying in the home of Mrs. Wilkins, beloved Mars Hill teacher.

A chapel program was given in honor of the Englands Friday of last week. Both Mr. England and his wife were heard from. An impressive farewell program was presented by representatives from the faculty and students. A benediction sung by a quartet composed of faculty members closed the program.

The Sunday evening service at the college church was turned over to Mr. and Mrs. England. A most inspiring and beneficial message was delivered by both the speakers. Vance Hardin and Pastor Olive also spoke.

Social and sacred functions of various types have kept the time of the Englands fully occupied. A final service in their honor was given Tuesday.

From Mars Hill the couple will travel to New York from where after a short stay, they will sail on their honeymoon and mission to Burma. The two will leave New York November 15 and will reach their destination sometime in January. After landing in Rangoon, Mr. and Mrs. England will take the "road to Mandalay" to the interior of Burma. They will be situated only forty miles from the boundary of China proper.

Mr. and Mrs. England were married October 21 in Birmingham, Alabama, the home of the bride. The missionaries will remain in the foreign country for five years before returning home on a furlough.

Taken from the top of a colonial snuff box.

"Have communion with few  
Be familiar with one  
Deal justly with all  
Speak evil with none."

## TRAVELETTES

—the street of beautiful doorways—

When feeling rather adventurous or blood-thirsty, almost everyone delights in reading stories of witches being burned or severely punished for absurd reasons or no reasons at all.

But at old Salem, Massachusetts, may be seen the houses in which these "demons" lived and the gaols in which they were imprisoned. Quite a bit is mentioned in history of these witches and their nefarious goings on. Many lovers of early American literature annually stroll through the House of Seven Gables of Hawthorne fame. Tourists may be seen to climb Gallow's Hill where the witches were hanged. Everyone is intrigued by the "old witch house" where the trials were held. But bordering a shaded street, only a few blocks long, may be found two rows of houses rightfully claiming to be the most perfect examples of pure colonial architecture in America. Chestnut Street received its name from the giant chestnut trees lining either side like mammoth guardsmen.

One's attention is readily attracted to these white doorways by their exquisite artistry. Broad-paneled doors with rare, carved mouldings, Irridescent fanlights of wondrous beauty. Huge brass knockers of various designs, each one a masterpiece of the craftsman. One wonders how the different knockers contrive to create such an inviting atmosphere. Yet every design clangs a welcome beck to the traveler to enjoy the hospitality within. These entrances, twice as wide as the modern doorway, give the building a friendly mien.

Here is a dearth of witchery, but a bewitching spell is cast over every one who strolls down this street of beautiful doorways.

## GERMANY'S

### Conditions Analyzed

By German Student In Stirring Appeal

Looking at the present condition in Germany, one will be wondering and asking how a nation which is so little can make such a big smoke. But if one would only think a little, he would find some solution. A complete picture of the situation can be gotten by reasoning for a while and getting as many facts and materials as possible in hand. But, alas; what does one do in general?

Thoughts and expressions are of tremendous and far-reaching consequences but one does not consider them that way. He does not realize what Jesus said, "Let your words be 'yes, yes and no, no.'" He understood the powerful ability of the spoken word, a weapon far more powerful and destructive than any one may consider it. In this way the German formulates his opinion.

Now consider a nation of 60 million people growing daily limited by rules and regulations to a small area but still growing and longing to solve present needs and desires. Germany is condemned to pay a debt far more exorbitant than ever known, cut and trimmed on every corner of possessions and unable to obtain a market on the outside. Her colonies, Germany's main source of revenue, have been taken away. There are crooked financiers and politicians in every country but out of the masses comes the real stuff of which the nation is made.

As we get our intellectual food cut out and trimmed, to be good for our understanding, so we do not start thinking for ourselves. That the ruling classes know this well is being felt. Consider the old generation which was responsible for the Great War. They are rapidly passing away. Young ones are growing up, not considering the past and ignorant of the reasons and foregoing details. They think differently, they are young, they want life, a right to a place they call their own. Out of this we have the fiercest complications, the radical atmosphere, and still they

## POETRY

### "Thinking Of You"

(Contributed)

Oh that I could just be with you  
Oh that we could—just us—  
Oh that my dreams would just  
true.

I'd be happy.

Oh that tonight we could just  
Oh that I might see you real  
Oh for the right girl and the  
I'd be happy.

Oh that the clouds would float  
Oh that the sun would shine each  
Oh that your love would ne'er  
I'd be happy.

Oh that the stars would  
bright,  
Oh that the moon would shine  
night,  
Oh that I could just hold you  
I'd be happy.

Oh can't you hear my call so clear  
Oh please just banish all your  
Oh won't you snuggle close my  
Now I'm happy.

### A Poem

A valley lies over the hill  
A thicket lies over the lane  
Bird's schnozzles lie over the  
locks  
A liar lies over again.

—R. S.

### Two Poems

Shadows lengthen,  
Purple-grey,  
Trees are turning  
Brilliant, gay,  
Night comes swiftly  
After day.  
One thing missing—  
You're away.

The rain beats gently on the  
Resounding as rhythmic horses'  
And I am drowsy, dense and  
The rain to sleep my pain has  
So I'll go dream to the rain  
drone.  
How lonely it is since you are

### My Bonnie

My typist is on her vacation  
My typist's away for a week  
My typist us in her vacation  
While these dumb keys play  
and seej.

Chorus

Bren bock, bting bzek  
Oy brung becj mub Onnie. ti  
tp, mr;  
B(&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz  
Oj, bvong bosk m% beInio-1  
oh helk!

Pitt Panthe

### Your Guess Is As Good As Mine

If you should meet them on  
campus, would you recognize:

- Billy Wrong
- Dot Boatlady
- Mr. Cordmeadow
- Ken Rocker
- Miss Smaller
- Thin Queen
- Alma Bulrush
- Sara Standit
- Dash Late
- Horis Frownney
- Rema Old
- Dr. Less
- Ernelle Rivers
- Miss Racoon
- Margaret Snowstorm
- Dean Aeorplane
- Polly Fence
- Nina Straws?

"To lose a friend is to die a little"

are asking why, why. Freedom  
their pledge; the same freedom  
exists everywhere. Stupidity, sad-  
ness, and yielding to reason are  
tions which need considerable  
tion in the future of the well-  
of the nations with the nationga