

# 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. VIII MARS HILL, N. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1933 No. 4

## Results Of The Poll

Although the results of the *Hilltop* poll are not comprehensive, they reflect, in a measure, the opinion of the students concerning the questions asked.

In the prohibition ballot, the votes for continuance and repeal were practically equal with less than a fourth of the student body voting. This scarcity of votes means either that the students do not think of liquor enough to care to vote or that they don't read the *Hilltop*. We hope it is the former.

According to the returns of the War ballot, three students to one would enlist, should war be declared.

In the last ballot, five out of six students voted to continue the *Laurel*.

Just what do these returns mean? In the first place, the prohibition question has been settled nationally. It now remains, as it has always been, a personal choice. There is no danger of Mars Hill College actually "going wet"; therefore this balloting means little.

The results of the war ballot show that a large majority of the students would enlist if war were declared. It is considered a patriotic thing to come to the aid of your warring country by enlisting. But would it not ultimately be more patriotic if the inhabitants of a country would refuse to go to war, thereby saving loss of lives, money, and most important of all—character. For war as certainly as anything else destroys the character of a nation. Of course all the countries would have to practice this plan before it would become successful. This idea is no doubt Utopian but not at all unthinkable.

The outcome of the *Laurel* ballot was encouraging. Practically every student who voted expressed a desire for the continuance of the year book. The annual is an expensive luxury. To be a success it must have the endorsement of every student possible. This endorsement seems to have been obtained. But a *Laurel* cannot be published on endorsements. There must be sufficient funds to cover the present debts on last year's book and the expenses for the new *Laurel*.

L. C. Chiles as editor and Bill Martin as business manager have accepted a major portion of the responsibility of constructing a *Laurel*. They promise a better book than ever before. The rest is up to the students and various organizations on the campus to furnish the money they owe.

Only with this done and the debts paid can the remainder of the staff be chosen and actual work begun on the *Laurel* for 1934.

## "One Among Many"

Have you ever heard someone say, "If Mars Hill just had something like what they have at such and such a senior college, it would be a lot better here"? We all have said it or heard it said at one time or another.

But were we thinking when we made those statements? Probably not, for that individuality and difference we condemned are the keys to the success and continuance of Mars Hill College. Hundreds of schools have the conventionalities and trappings that brand them as "regular" institutions. But that Mars Hill is an outstanding, upstanding, long standing, and understanding college cannot be denied. Many colleges possess the first three attributes mentioned, but are utterly lacking in the last. Mars Hill has in a personal sense the attribute of understanding—an understanding of the students and their particular needs. This fact is a credit not only to the school and its officials but to the students as well.

Applying the law of heredity to colleges, we perceive that Mars Hill, being different, should graduate students unlike those sent out from other institutions. This Mars Hill has accomplished, and this Mars Hill will continue to accomplish as long as it remains an individual institution, inspiring the students to work for the singular as well as the plural of the word credit.

It seems that the most abuse of Mars Hill and its methods arises from those students who are content with the ordinary and expected contributions of a school. They are so considerate and thoughtful that they do not want the school to go to any extra trouble to furnish them added advantages. Instead of adapting themselves to the school they attend—they attempt to fashion the school to their habits and likes or dislikes.

Should those students, who deride the school continually, put one-tenth of the energy they burn up by talking detrimentally

## "Poet Laura Yate" Of Mars Hill

By "Click" Elliott.

In the quiet of the morn, like a thief, she silently enters into the dormitories and still more silently inspects the rooms! But, unlike a thief—who takes all and leaves nothing—she leaves in some conspicuous places bits of poetry for the occupants of the room to feast upon.

Gingerly she inserts the key into the door and as soon over the threshold she crosses, the beauty of the room so enraptures her with awe that her soul is filled with poetic inspiration.

Who is this person that leaves such coy notes in our rooms, that are signed L. Y. B.? Why, none other than our housemother, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Laura Yates Burnett, who has styled herself the poet Laura Yate, of Mars Hill.

And how the "young gentlemen of Melrose and Brown" welcome her visits. Think of it, young ladies! They really anticipate her visits and are sorely disappointed if a poem is not left in their room after being inspected.

Many of the girls in Spilman and Treat and Rivermont wonder just what these odes are.

As I strolled into the room of one of our football heroes the other day, my eye was caught by this verse:

"Athletes are the best of men—  
Get busy and clean your den."

And still another:  
"You are our renowned athlete a  
Running with fleetest feet—  
Cannot you with courage true  
Leave a room both clean and sweet."

After four or five visits:

"Will you look at this disorder  
My, you cause me such a bother!"  
or  
"You are coming right along  
Thank you, boys, is my song."

And then for a dusty room:

"If you don't sweep up willows,  
And arrange your many pillows,  
Books and papers on your tables,  
I am really going to tell her!"  
and  
"Really you must clean, my dear,  
This bad room within a year!"

Then to the cradlesnatchers:

"Get busy and watch your step.  
Revive that latent pep."

After cleaning:

"What an air of perfect order,  
Faint I feel, or on the border."

Even a poet has modesty:

"When pajamas I do see,  
To retreat then I do flee!"  
But  
"If you clean more intensely,  
I shall love you more immensely."  
or  
"If you don't clean up your room,  
I shall write you to your doom."  
Then:  
"This is now a finer air,  
And you show that you do care."  
And  
"Thank you for your true endeavor,  
To make this room look more clever."  
So:  
"My, you're neat  
From ceiling to floor—  
Such a fine treat!  
I you adore."

Week by week these little reminders of cleanliness are looked forward to by the boys, and their efforts at cleaning are rewarded by such as:

"Wish the girls could only see  
What fine boys you really be."

## An Apology

The editorial department of this publication regrets that the Nonpareil election story, which appeared in the last issue, was misplaced by mistake.

about the school into maintaining the high standards of the institution, they would grasp the opportunities afforded here and perceive the personality and excellence of a school that is "one among many."

## TRAVELETTES

If you cannot swim, the place for you is Salt Lake, only a street car's ride from Salt Lake City, Utah. There, in water seven times saltier than the ocean, you can splash about with no fear of drowning, for it is impossible to sink. If one gets his feet above his head in the water, it is practically impossible to regain the lake bottom which covering is as salty as the sand is sandy. Because of the amount of salt in the water making it exceedingly dense the bather becomes as light as a cork.

The approach to the resort is unappealing. It is a built-up finger of land with salt marshes on either side. This salt is odiferous and disagreeable to the nostril of an unaccustomed tourist.

But once the lake is reached, the air and scene change. Side show barkers gyrate in front of their concessions. Shrieks from the roller-coaster, which is partly over the water come fast and furious. The expanse of water looks like a million pieces of broken glass, glistening iridescently in the afternoon sun with a sea gull balancing itself on every fragment. These gulls add a seashorish zip to this inland lake so far from the ocean.

Salt Lake City owes its existence, in a measure, to these gulls. Their land overrun by grasshoppers, these western farmers were beginning to despair, when the gulls came to their rescue. The birds latched onto the pests and before long had rid that section of them. As a token of their appreciation, the townspeople erected a stately shaft in honor of the gulls.

Salt Lake City is also the home of the Mormon religion, founded by Brigham Young, who had nineteen wives and fifty-two children. The Mormons have a temple and tabernacle there. The tabernacle may be visited by people professing other creeds, but the Temple is strictly for Mormons. There is even a secret entrance to this latter building.

The tabernacle where organ concerts are presented every Sunday is immensely interesting to a visitor. It has a huge dome covering practically the entire structure. This dome is not at all externally supported, but is held together by pegs and raw hide, as is the magnificent organ, one of the best in the country. Nails then cost \$100 a keg and had to be transported all the way from Chicago by coach. The acoustics of the building are so perfect that a pin dropped on the rug of the rostrum may be heard in the rear of the building.

Salt Lake City is Utah's biggest city.

## Where Do They Go From Here

Miss Ella Smith is now the dietitian at the Baptist Orphanage in Franklin, Tennessee.

A former Mars Hill student, Dr. Zeno Wall, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Shelby, and president of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina. He is speaking in Marshall on October 26.

Jasper Morgan, whose father is a trustee of the college, is now an assistant in the Physics Department of Duke University. After leaving Mars Hill, Mr. Morgan spent three years at Wake Forest. Later he received his M. A. degree at Duke. He is now studying for his Ph. D.

At the meeting of Western North Carolina teachers Mrs. O. E. Roberts, was made chairman of the association of the French Teachers. Mr. Plemmons, also a Mars Hill student was made Secretary of the association.

"Every time I have occasion to compare the alumni of Mars Hill with those of other Junior Colleges, my pride in Mars Hill is enhanced. I do not believe it has an equal in this respect on the American Continent."

This is a quotation from a letter

## POETRY

### Frosh's Reaction "Line"

My heart you keep on te  
But when I start to yield  
You crawl into your shell  
And all your feelings shie  
I cannot solve dilemmas  
I'm dumb and shy and sca  
Explain your tangled act  
So I can be prepared.

Life to me is a cloak we  
On the constant loom of  
The design of our lives  
to choose  
Only the grade of the th  
We have to choose.

### Lament

Evelyn Morgan driv

The trees are bare. The eas  
Dark clouds rush low. Th  
drear.  
Harsh blasts sweep throu  
green pine.

The ocean churns the wat  
It flings a spray upon th  
And hangs in mists above  
It beats its force agains  
It claws the sands with sa

The scope in view is drea  
And worn, and tired, and  
old;  
Yet turbulent in agony  
From Winter's cruel ecstac

The sea gull's shrill and sad  
Bewails the days that sum  
To soften granite, sweeten  
And lull to sleep the we  
whine.

### An Old Violin

Sweet melodies float out  
A message tenderly.  
A brawny, wrinkled, smilin  
So full of jollity.

Draws forth the bow by  
hand,  
In quite a rhythmic mo  
A never tiring mind does st  
The pleasing notes are f

A common place where men  
Discussing current things  
No one would dare to pat  
While notes vibrate from

He plays the instrument so  
The many friends adore,  
To concentrate on every be  
And dream of dreams the

The day is done, with smil  
He counts his silver slow  
Then tucks his violin in ca  
Turned homeward footst

He traces back, the day go  
But soul with eagerness,  
Turns wrinkled fact towa  
sky,  
The course of happine  
Frank H

from Mr. H. P. Hunter, Pre  
Cullowhee.

Two McLeansville school  
Miss Ora Jones, 27, and M  
Swanson, 22, were fatal  
on State Highway No. 10 ab  
miles east of here about  
this evening when the small  
which they were riding was  
a truck driven by P. L. B  
Norlina, as the former mac  
making a left turn from  
way.

Miss Swanson, whose hom  
Lenoir, was reported instan  
in the crash, while Miss Jon  
home was at Ossipee, died  
route to a local hospital in  
clance.

On investigation by count  
resulted in a manslaughter ch  
ing preferred against Bobb  
told the officers that his  
crashed into the left rear  
coupe as it started to turn  
left turn from the highway.

Horton Gragg, student at M  
last year, is expected to giv  
hibition of stunting at the  
boro airport soon. Gragg is  
the youngest racing pilot  
southern states. He will fi  
said to make four miles a m