

# THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## Concerning Everyone

Since the fourth of March we have seen an intensive and somewhat extensive drive for repeal of the eighteenth amendment. Now that the movement has arrived, we might wonder at the rapidity with which their goal was attained. But we need not, for propagandists have for years been insinuating their attack into the minds and stomachs of the American people. Now that they have reached their "gold," they seem somewhat satisfied.

What does legal liquor mean? It means more liquor, more people drinking liquor, more people getting drunk on liquor. It means more drunk drivers of automobiles, more wrecks, more people killed or injured. Wets are certainly in their "Brew Heaven." It means that as much or more money will be spent to see that only "legal" liquor is sold as was ever spent to enforce prohibition.

We have risen to the depths of immoderation.

We have torn away an appendage of the supreme law of our land and have replaced it with a cork leg.

A law should be applicable to people, not time. Human nature changes little, therefore there should be no necessity for a law to be repealed, if it were ever for the good of the people, and not contrary to the laws of nature. If a law is morally and physically beneficial to a people, the law never becomes obsolete. The people may become dissolute and try to blame it on the law. A law should not be like medicine, to be taken only in doses. Laws are for the unintelligent. They will be necessary until everyone becomes intelligent. Laws do not make intelligent people. Intelligent people make—or should make—laws, and when a law made by intelligent persons is repealed, it is belittling the intelligence of the framers of that statute.

Americans will no doubt soon get fed up or filled up with this legal liquor and come to their senses to reinstate prohibition.

Depressions are supposed to be periodical, but this one seems to be punctuated by more than a period. With the economic depression came a moral and spiritual weakening. But as a broken bone knits back stronger than the original one, so may we recover and attain even greater heights of mental, moral, physical, and spiritual prosperity.

## Droplets From A Staff Pen

The staff of the *Hilltop* wishes to take this opportunity and space to wish you a Christmas filled with delight, stockings filled with candy, nuts, and fruit (or maybe feet), and a New Year filled with fresh hope, higher aspirations, and 365 days.

In publishing the last paper of the year, we trust that our readers have not felt toward the *Hilltop* as if out of it are the issues of strife, but that as an organ of the students of Mars Hill College, it has played well, with as little discord as possible.

May the new year bring us a better grade of paper in order that you may do a better grade of reading.

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Everyone, or two, will agree that what is of benefit to none and even harmful to some should not be practiced in elite city circles or besmirched village squares. There are indications that this what has infested even the campuses of our colleges. It seems to have become an appendage which most collegians use on short notice and for a long time.

It is profanity.

A majority of the profanity results from habit or thoughtlessness (which is a habit with some people); and any habit that does no one good should be discarded. Some people "cuss" to show off. That hurts themselves. Some use profanity as a knife to cut enemies or even friends. That hurts other people. Thus uncommon sense should tell us that we should refrain from such a degrading and useless habit.

These oral barriers of rivers and streams have been too prevalent on the college campuses. We are not all training to be civil engineers; therefore, we should refrain (let's all join in on this one) from the use of this fight provoker, this incubator of worse evils, this added detraction to our personality—profanity.

## TRAVELETTES

"For her southern boundary one of the loveliest sheets of water on the South Atlantic Coast, for her western, a sparkling limpid creek named in honor of England's stern queen—Elizabeth—a creek whose banks bound in sylvan dells and fairy-like nooks and on whose lazy laughing waters lilies dance in great profusion, for her eastern, another sparkling stream named after another of England's rulers—Queen Anne—which pours its accumulation of water by way of pretty Edenton Bay to mix with the sterner waves of the Albe-marle Sound. Thus favorably situated you will find Edenton the county seat of Chawan County—a little city rich in her history."

Not to have visited Edenton, is not to have seen the loveliest survival of Colonial America, where there are today the finest examples of cultured colonial architecture, and where scarcely a block is not hallowed by historical associations. Edenton once was the state capital and part of entry, the birthplace of a North Carolina colony.

Centuries make little difference in nature. So Edenton has always been "the little city on a bay of diamonds." The beauty of Edenton and the glory of its past make it beloved by artists and writers. Have you read the great novel, "Drums," by James Boyd? If you have not, proceed to do so at once. Edenton in the revolutionary days is the setting for this masterpiece. One must not forget wicked, old Blackbeard. Once he roamed the Edenton Bay. The bounty of the sea was his.

The beauty of old St. Paul's is yours. To rest amid its century-old trees and to gaze upon its ancient form, is worth the trip alone to Edenton. It was built in 1701, thereby being the oldest existing religious edifice in the state. In this church, June 19, 1776, just fifteen days before the Declaration of Independence, the vestry met and signed the "Test," declaring their resistance to the English crown.

In the Cupola House, built in 1756, one may find many hours of pleasure in roaming among the antiquated treasures of colonial days.

One musn't fail to see the spot (marked by a bronze teapot) where once stood the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth King. There on Oct. 25, 1774, fifty-one ladies met, and, under the leadership of Mrs. Penelope Barker, declared that they would drink no tea nor wear any stuffs of British manufacture.

I shall be considerate of you "my gentle readers," and I shall not tell the rest of this, my plea "Go to Edenton." If you do go, however, do not fail to see Beverly Hall and its famous Italian garden, built as a State Bank in 1787. Visit Hayes, the stately seat of Governor Samuel Johnson, Royal Governor. See the courthouse, the present building being erected in 1767 on the site of the first which was erected in 1719. On the second story you will find the largest authentic panelled room in America. In the Masonic Hall, on the same floor, you may see the "George Washington Chair," used by him in Alexandria, Va. Among other things you might see, includes business site of Joseph Hewes, signer of Declaration of Independence; James Iredell home; Bandon, first classical school for boys in North Carolina; Union Fort at Wingfield; Revolutionary cannon from France, on Courthouse Green; U. S. Fish Hatcheries at famous Pembroke; and the newly erected monument to Joseph Hewes, which cost the Congress of the United States thousands of dollars.

May I quote J. M. Fletcher from his poem, "Edenton Bay"?—"Sloping as if for a clasping of hands, Close to its margin fair Edenton stands.

Verdure wreathed Edenton, fairer by night, And fairer by day for this beautiful sight.

White sails are seen on its Zephyr swept tide, Lovers at evening stroll off by its side.

Seen in its beauty, for many a day, The heart will remember sweet Edenton Bay." H. E.

## Hints For The Holidays

Look out! Here it comes in leaps and bounds. What is it? I'll give you three guesses. Yes, it is Christmas. That latter sling of Phraseology certainly possesses full meaning for "CO-heads." It means they can abandon "Keats-uh," mathematics—"Yes Miss Rema," history—"Whew," sighs Miss Irene, for fifteen days.

In Spilman Dorm we hear much pounding, knocking, stamping, hammering, thudding, pushing, sliding, falling, crashing, banging, and "What have you." "What's the meaning of this," inquires "The Powers That Be." But there is no time to answer questions now, for packing is in full sway. Femms are in a state of nomadism, et cetera, however it is only a matter of time until the last echo will have faded, and the dorm will be silent.

When you're home at last, Co-eds, you may be relieved from the preparation of daily subjects, but your work to make the holidays happy for others and yourself has just begun. What will Christmas mean to you, and to others because of you? You have fifteen days to use as you choose. Will you selfishly use all of your time satisfying your own wants and desires while hundreds in your own vicinity are suffering for lack of the necessities of life, yearning for a friendly smile, a cheerful word? There are numberless little ones whose hearts are aching and longing for your interest, an affectionate touch to show you love them and that you're glad they are living. Will you shun little forms because of ragged clothes, dirty faces and hands, disheveled hair or because the tiny face is pale and unfamiliar? If you do, you lack something vital in the structure of a real human being. If you desire to have a noble Christmas, spend your time making others happy. Make the needy feel that you are the answer to their needs.

This Christmas will never pass your way again. Opportunities open to you in the field of service this Yuletide may never present themselves to you in the future. At least give your better self a fair chance by thinking it over.

VIRGINIA BALLAD.

## What Christmas Means To Me

Time is drawing near when one of these mornings I'll wake to find myself at home. What could be more delightful. I want to lie in the hospitable embrace of Morpheus as long as my desire dares let me. Then to luxuriously slide into my clothes. To feel I don't have to dress by a bell, eat by a bell, meet classes by a bell, and study for my next classes.

I need rest, peace, and changed atmosphere. I don't want to remember this lesson or that duty. I want to forget! I wish I were Rip Van Winkle and could just sleep for two weeks without worry or care. I'd like to dream about Santa Claus.

Spring and swimming pools! (For fear my imagination is slightly exaggerated I must come down to earth again.) It is impossible to sleep two incessant weeks and dream such things. I must live in two weeks a blissful reunion with loved ones where time is mine. Where I am an honored guest and we all confide in each other. Christmas will be spent in beatitude, while the dear Santa Claus is haunting each chimney. Back will come reminiscence of childhood joys. We're children again, writing notes to the dear old Nick. We go to bed early to dream of socks of toys, reindeer, and snow. Time makes Christmas holidays short and sweet.

BILLIE CARTER.

## LIBRARY ANNEX IS BIG ASSET

(Continued from page 1) us a library at Mars Hill?" He replied that he would think more of it. Accordingly, in 1918 the older part of the present library structure was dedicated. Colonel Montague's son, who had returned from France was present at the dedication.

Since 1915 Colonel Montague has been helping some girl through

## POETRY

### To The Hills

Constant, always changing  
Thy glory ever fills  
My soul with meekness.  
Everlasting mountains,  
Creation of the hand  
That made me weakness  
How can we, who made  
Attempt to know the way  
That thou hast stood age  
Panorama of divine,  
Great witness of sublime,  
Proclaim thy message!

### Naming Him

A fellow needs no mark  
Placed where men's eyes  
He's judged by not his  
Nor what he wants to

He needs no flowery add  
Nor scrupulous display  
He shouldn't think alone  
Real men are not that

A fellow being worth the  
And lives by right and  
Will pinch but good deeds  
Despite the howling th

He treats the whole wor  
same  
And sways not his car  
He soon will gain for self  
One spotless and since  
Frank

### A Storm

DORIS SMILEY

There is a sound of bea  
Of battering and force  
The air holds tones of m  
Rhythmically hoarse.

Your black malicious wra  
In my heart puts no fe  
For cold winds melt your  
Your substance wastes i

The voice of God I hear f  
Your rushing, dripping r  
A clash—you crack—a stum  
So bright—a moment do

But through that gleam o  
light  
My mind and soul detect  
The radiance of His purit  
The terror of His might

### The Optimist

Here, you discontented kn  
Growlin' 'bout the coun  
Chloroform your dismal t  
Take a course of liver  
Stop that darn eternal how  
Chaw some sand and get  
Don't sit in the dumps a-h  
Smile a few and boost a

Fall in while the band's a-p  
Catch the step and marc  
Quite that pessimistic bray  
Join the hallelujah song;  
Drop your hammer, do som  
Grab a horn, you fool, a  
Every echo with your tootin  
Smile a few and boost a  
—Sel

## LETTERMEN

(Continued from page 1) wing position.

Mars Hill has a good place several men on the Junior College team this year. It is to be seen who this year will be the most popular sentiment points to Nettles, and Burnett for their positions and to Fox, Beavis and Davis for honorable mention.

I am a little thing with a big heart. I help everybody. I open doors, open hearts, dispel darkness. I create friendship and good will. I inspire respect and admiration. Everybody loves me. I bore no one. I violate no law. I cost nothing. I have praised me, none have demned me. I am pleasing to all.

REGULAR