

# THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## Freedom

What is freedom, and where can it be found? "Billions of people seek it," one will say. No, rather billions think they are seeking freedom, when they are only seeking a refuge from any fear which seems to be subjugating them. Only a scant number strive for true freedom, and fewer still attain it. For freedom is the absence of fear, and few of us harbor no fears at all.

The average man thinks that he can escape fear by recoiling from it and thus gain freedom. But though it sounds paradoxical, freedom is found in bondage—bondage of service. The freest man is the man who serves the most people to his and their benefit. Freedom is doing as one pleases. If one pleases to serve his fellowmen, then it follows that he is the freest man.

Realizing this, we should strive to please ourselves in serving others. Then shall we realize a little of the true freedom.

## Examinations

However distasteful the heading of this writing might be to the students of Mars Hill College, that subject will no doubt shortly be the chief concern of those same students. "Exam time is cram time" for most students. They practise moderation or even total abstinence throughout the semester. But at examination time these sober students seem to become intoxicated with too much studying. It is a wonder that more of them do not succumb to such a violent change.

When examinations loom near and big, students become human blotters, absorbing all they can from their books. The uselessness of this procedure lies in the fact that the blotter usually lasts no longer than the examination.

Teachers will contend rightly that daily preparation and attention at classes eliminate necessity for "cramming." This is all true, and if accepted, will profit every student. But examinations are here now. The profit will have to be left until next semester, and we must think now about breaking even by a quick and honest method. Each one must determine what his method will be.

It is consoling, however, to realize that these are tests of the teacher's ability as well as that of the student. A large stream of failures continually running out of a classroom usually indicates a swollen head of that stream—the teacher.

But as students we may rest assured that our teachers are as interested in seeing us pass as we are ourselves.

## Inattention

Of all the failings of Americans, and probably of all other peoples, one of the most deplorable is inattention.

One sees it everywhere, in every phase of life it has become evident. We invite failures, we lose choice phrases of choice speakers, we waste our time and other people's, we miss beauty in its various forms—all on account of inattention.

Inattention in the class room means a zero; inattention to a speaker means ignorance; inattention to a superior officer means the guardhouse; while inattention to a girl means a prolonged bachelorhood. Thus, inattention in all its forms is detrimental.

In private conversation or public discourse, the so-called listener rarely listens to the speaker. He is so busy thinking what he is going to say when the other person finishes, that he loses the other person's speech partially, if not wholly.

Without attention nothing or little, can be gained from anything or anybody else. Inattention tends toward a narrow viewpoint of life, toward a self-sufficiency, that is unselfish in hurting others as well as ourselves.

Not all the failures in school or in life can be attributed to dumbness. Many have been caused by inattention to the important things and people, or what is just as degrading, attention to the worthless things and people.

It was stated that Freddie Sington, former All-American tackle and Phi Beta Kappa at University of Alabama, made such a scholastic record not so much by studying diligently, but by paying strict attention at his classes. No doubt his gridiron records were made by the same method. This instance is not written to discourage studying—a good thing, if the right subject is studied—but rather to encourage one secret to success in any endeavor—attention.

## TRAVELETTES REFLECTIONS

Not many days since, while browsing around the quay, which borders Boston harbor, I noticed at the waterfront a clumsy, old mystery ship, which was the center of attraction for a motley crowd, sweltering in the moist heat of a Sabbath afternoon.

This scene did not attract my attention as much as the distorted and wrinkled shadow, which the craft's hull cast upon the choppy seaward. There the shadow of the drooping mainsail presented a creased sheet of black on a background of blue. There the spars and ropes and lateen were outlined by jagged and shimmering streaks. Extended beyond the ship's shadow, the black flag of piracy was rippling in the briny foam. The entire shade spread upon the water a ghastly study in black and made me stare long, as though I was in a trance. During these brief moments of enchantment, I sailed the high seas in a Spanish galleon. In a sheltered cove, I buried chests of treasure and hid the explanatory maps. When I was abruptly returned to reality by the flapping wings of a gull overhead, I looked to find no ship, no shadow, but only the dull, gray water, as it reflected a hovering cloudlet.

Turning down Front Street toward South Boston and threading my way through the jostling throng, I happened upon a deserted stretch of pavement, bordering the vicinity in which the Boston Tea Party was organized. There again in the center of the street were shadows, standing out prominently at regular intervals, as stalwart sentinels guarding the buildings on either side. Here a stilted reservoir of an industrial plant appeared a bulging shade in the avenue below. There the gaping gargoyles on the town mart frowned in mute and shadowy astonishment at the hurry and bustle of the late bargainers. Now and then a church spire, piercing the azure as though to display its superiority, cast its slender shade across the street and onto the walls apposite. On one corner stood an empty edifice, the brittle crust of a once-imposing residence, whose shadow was "clothed from head to foot in ebon eeriness."

As I progressed farther on my stroll, I noticed that the houses became more sparse, which resulted in the loosening of the shadowy guard in the thoroughfare. More irregular outlines were noticed, and gabled roofs were spread over the pavement in elongated shadows with painted tops. A novel world opened to me, as I walked the ancient streets of Boston—a world of shadowy enchantment, infinitely more fantastic and silently grotesque than the ones in which human beings live.

But as I crossed into the Back Bay district where the shades usually possess veritable prismatic borders, such is the splendor that adorns the homes, my mirage of shadowy labyrinth was suddenly transformed into an ashy-colored world from which was emerging the nervous throngs, trapped in the din and entanglement of six o'clock traffic, and above all, the incessant, staccato boring of a compression drill.

## WHERE DO THEY GO FROM HERE?

Mr. Norvel Satterfield, who graduated in the class of 1924 is now associated with the Standard Oil Co.

Mr. J. B. Hipps is now the Associate Dean of the Shanghai Baptist Theological Seminary. He writes that there are more than a thousand students on the campus. He seems very happy over the prospects in China.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Washburn, who married December 16, 1933, will live in Nashville, Tennessee. The bride, Miss Kate Allison, was a Mars Hill student, and later she went to Meridith. She presided over the State B. S. U. Convention held in Chapel last year.

## Book Titles Tattle

Nowhere Else in the World—Mars Hill.  
 Seats of the Mighty—The Faculty.  
 The Tempest—This week before Exams.  
 The Crisis—Final Exams.  
 Main Street—Campus "drag".  
 Thursday Evening—Evidence of the C-I queen's power.  
 The Recall of Love—Christmas holiday event.  
 Perfect Behavior—Need of which was felt during Christmas holidays.  
 The Age of Innocence—Suggestive of Eleanor Mar'in.  
 Coquette—Lib Grubbs.  
 Girl Shy—Don Perry, without doubt.  
 The Women-Hater—John Boney, Ed Bunker. (oh, yeah?)  
 Little Women—"Kitty-puss" Ellis, Helen Roberts, Hazel Haynes.  
 The Postmaster—Mark T.  
 Gentle Julia—Julia Cox.  
 The Gentleman from Indiana—Bill Nettles.  
 Gwen—Our own "Gwen".  
 The Head Coach—"C".  
 Friday to Monday—Oh, these week-ends!  
 Faint Perfume—A girl's illusion.  
 The Eighth Sin—Well?  
 The Triumph of the Egg—Observed at 7:00 A. M.  
 Up from Slavery—Graduation.  
 Summer—The time we are all dreaming of.

## Told On Other Campuses

What's this story for?  
 "Fillup."  
 Fillup who?  
 Fillup space.  
 The Granitian.  
 To prove: That a freshman is an affliction.  
 Proof: A freshman is new. New means not old. Not old means not stale. Not stale means fresh. Fresh means smart. A smart is a pain. A pain is an affliction. Therefore, a freshman is an affliction.

The Liberty Bell  
 This one is old but I still think it is funny.  
 Mae West: O Doctor, I think something is wrong with me; I seem to be shaking all over.

Doctor: Is that so! Well, why don't you come up an shimmy some time?  
 The Wooden Horse  
 So many of the girls belong to the NRA—not rushed any.

The Twig  
 She isn't my best girl. Just necks best.  
 Reader's Digest  
 The following is a list of abbreviations and their meanings used frequently by newspapers today, compiled by Major M. S. Lewis, Head of the Business Administration Department of The Citadel at Charleston, S. C.

- AAA—Agricultural Adjustment Administration.
- CCC—Civil Conservation Corps.
- CCC—Commodity Credit Corporation.
- CSB—Central Statistical Bureau.
- CWA—Civil Works Administration.
- DLB—Deposit Liquidation Board.
- FACA—Federal Alcoholic Control Administration.
- FCA—Farm Credit Administration.
- FCT—Federal Coordinator of Transportation.
- FDIC—Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.
- FEC—Federal Emergency Housing Corporation.
- FHLB—Federal Home Loan Board.
- FHOLC—Federal Home Owners Loan Corporation.
- FSRC—Federal Surplus Relief Corporation.
- FTC—Federal Trade Commission.
- HOLC—Home Owners Loan Corporation.
- IAB—Industrial Advisory Board.
- ICC—Interstate Commerce Commission.
- NFHA—National Farm Holiday Association.
- NIRA—National Industrial Recovery Act.
- NLB—National Labor Board.
- NRA—National Recovery Act.
- PAB—Petroleum Advisory Board.
- PRA—Presidential Re-employment Agreements.
- PWA—Public Works Administration.

(Continued on page 4)

## POETRY

### My Plea

And now this other day  
 I bring it to Thy feet.  
 May thou accept the  
 As in this prayer we

The evil done I hate  
 My constant weakness  
 I would repent of it  
 All damning motives to

And grant that as tomorrow  
 My righteous hopes be  
 Not empty resolutions  
 But life of richer depth

### Some Days

Are you willing to sit,  
 quit  
 Just thinking that  
 pay?

Do you have just a bit  
 git,  
 Packed away for some

Are you willing to die,  
 and die,  
 Forgetting all manner  
 Are your eyes always dim

say good-bye?  
 Then something is wrong  
 life.

Are you willing to play,  
 to say  
 Things that might make  
 sad?

Does your character swell  
 blows your way?  
 If not, then I know you

Are you willing to frown  
 the ground  
 Some one who is plodding  
 Do you worship the crowd

and her gown?  
 Some day you will have  
 your

## Fire!

Six dozen doors are flung  
 from each room emerge  
 top speed. Greased faces  
 hair, red, yellow, and  
 flash down the halls to  
 fire escapes. One by one  
 mouthed, wide-eyed individ-  
 ber over the window sill  
 with shaky steps and  
 glances the long, perilous  
 the ground where already  
 Superintendent of Lights  
 in the midst of a bevy of  
 ians who watch with  
 turned faces the most  
 dents stagger down the  
 casionly wild laughter  
 waves through the exci-  
 Here and there an anx-  
 urges steady speed to  
 the building. Somebody  
 hobble down the narrow  
 ing stairs in mules. Be-  
 dozen anxious hands fin-  
 She ends the difficulty  
 down, hand over hand.  
 evidently short of com-  
 sense begins shrilly chan-  
 land's Burning." At last  
 more or less down to earth  
 of the evening, who has  
 ed his cool, keen comman-  
 to talk. In fact, so cold  
 marks that several poor  
 be seen to draw hore  
 woolen robes around the  
 frames. "Aha!" the hero  
 "that time you did it in  
 In a mere 20", mind you  
 young ladies. In a mere 10  
 be seared like steaks, but  
 char, and baked into pudd-  
 length of time you could  
 broiled, and fried. Now g-  
 it again, and if you will  
 you have my promise that  
 more than singed."

So all the girls parade  
 front door to begin again  
 dozen.  
 (And they say basket-  
 strenuous.)  
 No one ever minds that  
 air is so good for one's